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WEALTH AND ITS OBLIGATIONS.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

1. *Wealth*
   By Andrew Carnegie. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, June, 1889.
2. *Mr. Carnegie's Gospel of Wealth.*
   By the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1889.
3. *Irresponsible Wealth.*
   By His Eminence Cardinal Manning.
   The Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler (Chief Rabbi).
   The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1890.

RARELY in current literature has a discussion been conducted of more interest to thinking men than that recently entered upon by the distinguished gentlemen whose names appear at the head of this paper. I say discussion, because the views of Mr. Carnegie were a surprise and a challenge. His profession of faith, formulated presumably on this side of the Atlantic, was, after the lapse of some months, approved in the main by the greatest financier of England, applauded heartily by England's foremost ecclesiastic,—not alone a prince of the church, but a prince by every right and title among men,—and reënforced in its main features by an eminent adherent of the Jewish faith.

But the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, with a vigor and a humor all his own, hardly condescends to debate the question raised by Mr. Carnegie. He trains his guns upon Mr. Carnegie and calls into serious question his very *locus standi*. The gravity of the discussion and the number of sad and disheartening facts elicited cause us to welcome with a sense of glad relief the

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light and humorous features which crop out. Between the first- and last-named writer the great question of the tariff yawns—a wide abyss. However cordially they may stretch hands across the Atlantic in agreement as to the needs and the claims of the poor, the one is a pronounced Protectionist, the other a Free-Trader equally pronounced. The former stands before us the many-times millionaire; the latter the champion of the poor, the warm-hearted, if most fierce and vehement, advocate of the claims of labor. Mr. Carnegie stoutly maintains the justice and reason of existing economic conditions and, by implication, the sound statesmanship of the McKinley Bill; the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, although professing for the great ironmaster a profound personal respect as for a man who sets a splendid example to the unhappy class to which he belongs, affirms that, without being in the least responsible for his unfortunate circumstances, he is "an anti-Christian phenomenon, a social monstrosity, and a grave political peril. Thanks to unrestricted competition and the tariff, he has pocketed much more than his equitable share of the joint product of labor and capital. If he thinks that he has made this great pile, so to speak, off his own bat, let him set up business on a solitary island and see how much he can net annually without the coöperation of his twenty thousand men and the ceaseless bounties of the vanishing Republican majority in Congress." Written and published a few short weeks after the political upheaval of November, these words ring out defiantly from the citadel of free trade.

It would be manifestly unbecoming in me to hazard a solution of the questions in issue between Mr. Carnegie and his opponent. To do so would be to embark upon the great sea of the tariff question, perhaps to be engulfed in the treacherous depths of the dismal science. But of one thing we may all rest assured: that party which is, upon the great question, in the right will most certainly in the end prevail. The school is too potent a factor, our newspapers are too numerous, the masses too intelligent, to accept any halfway or uneven solution of this great economic principle. As surely as the sun shall rise to-morrow the sovereign people will ascertain in the long run whether Mr. Carnegie, benevolent and large-hearted and public-spirited as he is justly regarded, is a "normal process," "an imperative necessity," "an essential condition," of modern society. The question of the tariff is not

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merely a question of party supremacy or of an advantage of one country over another or over several others; in its results it reaches far out and deep down to the very foundations of our social fabric. No man or few men can sound its depths or work it out to its ultimate and minute consequences; but every voter should, as a strict and solemn public duty, test it and probe and weigh it, in as far as his opportunities may permit, and thus cast his ballot intelligently. A republic of millions of voters may err for a time; the political pendulum may for a season unevenly and inequitably swing; but there is always here the biennial opportunity to modify or qualify one's views. Thus that body politic is safest where free citizens go to the polls impelled by laboriously acquired and hence intelligent conviction.

Committing, then, with every confidence, this great preliminary question—without in the least desiring to offer a personal opinion—to the statesmen, publicists, and voters of the republic, I may be permitted to undertake the more modest task of stating as briefly as may be the Catholic view of wealth and its administration, devoting a little special attention, first, to the obligation of giving; secondly, to its extent as a precept; and, lastly, to the manner in which that duty is fulfilled in the case of the Catholics of these United States.

And, first, as to the existence of the obligation. The church claims to be the fulfilment and the completion of the Judaic dispensation. She asserts, with the great apostle of the Gentiles, that all the rites, ordinances, and precepts of that dispensation were but the shadow of the substance to come. With astonishing fidelity she reproduces all the main and many of the minute features of that law, but heightened, brightened, intensified into sharper and bolder outline. Whatever is good there is here better; whatever in shadow of old is now in the fulness of substance. Grace doth now more abound, and with it the charity which constraineth us. If, then, as the Rev. Hermann Adler so well and clearly shows, the law of charity assumed the form of tithes, and among the Jews it was enacted into specific legislation, we should naturally expect that an obligation so reflecting the love of God in and towards man should reach a higher and nobler development in these days of Christianity. And, as a matter of fact, the individual Christian or the body of Christians who cannot

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stand this test may well seriously doubt of the sincerity of his or their professions of faith.

Those familiar with the daily lives and sentiments of the laboring classes know what a stumbling-block to their faith is pious penuriousness, the charity that begins and ends at home. They cannot reconcile godliness and greed. For most other forms of human weakness there is tolerance, even at times compassion; but for the man who acknowledges our common fatherhood and brotherhood, with his hands tightly closed upon his purse-string, there is a fierce contempt, "curses not loud, but deep." It may safely be affirmed that one sanctimonious miserly millionaire in a community works more deadly harm to Christianity than a dozen isolated cases of burglary or drunkenness. In Europe, we are told by competent authorities, the desperation of the poor is fast driving men into atheism.* My distinguished townsman, Professor Ely, in a most suggestive lecture, inquires into the alienation of wage-workers from Christianity, proving that in most denominations such alienation undoubtedly exists.†

In this view it is most melancholy to consider the estimates of such thoroughly-informed public men as Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning upon the shrinkage of private charity going on contemporaneously with the enormous increase of wealth in England.

"How poor a figure," says the ex-Premier, "would all the known and estimated givings by these classes, as a body, be found to exhibit in comparison with the sixty or seventy millions [three hundred or three hundred and fifty millions of dollars] which form only the tithe of their aggregate income!

"That there are shortcomings, and that these shortcomings are large and even enormous, is directly testified by the general experience of the agents and managers of eleemosynary undertakings, whose incessant or frequent complaint it is that givers are but a class or section of the community, and that the clutch and gripe of most possessors over their money is hardly ever relaxed."

In the United States this condition of things does not, in my judgment, exist to the same alarming extent. Among Catholics here, while there are doubtless instances of avarice and of utter forgetfulness of the law of fraternal charity, yet, taking

* "Christian Science," by the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M. A.
† "Social Aspects of Christianity," by Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., Essay V.

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them as a body, I make no doubt they fulfil the whole law in the broad Christian manner so eloquently expounded by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Those who give more than is required of them by any law far outnumber those who give less. They are not, as a class, wealthy. They count among their number few millionaires. The great majority rely for livelihood upon the labor of the brain or of the hands, on the tillage of the farm, the sale of their produce; and yet a glance at the list of annual collections with their amounts at once convinces us that the law of charity still standing on the divine statute-book has not been by them rendered obsolete. They have the heart and the spirit of sacrifice to give their tithes, and often more than their tithes, unto the Lord.

In the archdiocese of Baltimore, as in all other dioceses of this country, the temples in which they worship are almost invariably erected by their voluntary contributions, unless, as has happened occasionally, one individual or one family undertakes the whole expense. When the church is erected, those who can afford to do so pay a yearly rental, averaging, say, fifty dollars each family—the average offertory collection being about half that sum. In addition to all this, there are in most parts of the country extraordinary collections for such purposes as the support of orphan asylums, the Indian and negro missions in the United States, the reclaiming of children in industrial schools, the supply by Dorcas societies of clothing to needy applicants, the personal visitation of the sick or destitute by that most beneficent body known as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Year in and year out the appeal from the pulpit is made, and for the most part cheerfully responded to.

In a recent work* I attempted a summary sketch of the benevolent institutions founded and fostered by Christianity in modern times. Should my readers desire to pursue the subject more in detail, I beg to commend to their attention the "Catholic Ecclesiastical Directory" of the United States. In that volume, issued annually, will be found the aims, the work, and the *personnel* of charitable institutions astonishing in their number and bewildering in their variety. It is not rhetorical exaggeration, but the naked truth, to say that the church provides homes for those yet on the threshold of life and furnishes retreats for those

* "Our Christian Heritage," Chapter XXVIII.

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on the threshold of death. She has asylums in which the aged, both men and women, find at one and the same time a refuge in their declining days from the storms of life and a novitiate to prepare them for eternity. She rocks her children in the cradle of infancy; she soothes them to rest on the couch of death.

She begins with the orphan asylum; follows up the erring girl till a safe retreat is provided in the House of the Good Shepherd; takes the incorrigible boy and in an industrial school or protectorate teaches him a useful trade; seeks out destitute fathers and mothers, with their helpless children, and without noise or parade extends the needed aid; provides unstintingly for elementary Catholic training, even after the enforced payment of the school tax to the State or municipal treasury; ministers freely to higher intellectual cravings in the college, and in these latter days, aided by the princely offerings of her children, lays down the lines of a great university and goes forward in her sublime task of imparting the highest and holiest in culture and morals to her more gifted sons.

In the State of Maryland and the District of Columbia—I speak of these because I happen to be officially connected with them—there are under Catholic auspices, and in a total Catholic population of a quarter of a million, two foundling asylums, two asylums for colored children, and ten for white orphans, housing and educating fifteen hundred little ones, all of whom are admitted regardless of creed, together with six hospitals and a large number of reformatory institutions. In the more populous centres, such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, the statistics of Catholic benevolence swell in the ratio of the population. The maintenance and support of these institutions would be a manifest impossibility but for reasons to which I shall advert later on.

And here a number of objections may be urged. Mr. Carnegie boldly asserts the probability that nineteen-twentieths of the so-called charity of to-day is unwisely spent—"so spent, indeed, as to produce the very evils which it proposes to mitigate or cure." Surely this is a statement which he will, upon fuller experience and reflection, cheerfully retract. No matter what efforts may be made by philanthropists and social economists for the removal of poverty, we must make up our minds that poverty in one shape or another will always exist among us. The words of Christ will

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be ever verified—"'The poor ye have always with you." As well attempt to legislate vice out of existence as to legislate poverty and suffering out of the world. London is to-day the richest city in the world; it is also the poorest. Berlin, with a population of a million and a half, has 200,000 living from hand to mouth and verging on destitution. It is in accordance with the economy of Divine Providence that men should exist in unequal conditions in society, in order to the exercise of benevolent virtues. Moreover, sickness and death will come upon the bread-winner, and wife and child have their whole support suddenly snatched away. Disasters like those of Johnstown and the recent shocking losses of life in Pennsylvania mines will leave hundreds of widows and orphans no alternative but charity.

There remains an objection which it is instructive to notice, inasmuch as its answer will present the Catholic Church in a light which, I submit, differentiates her from all other Christian bodies. It is urged, then, that Catholics by no means enjoy a monopoly of Christian benevolence. Millions of dollars are annually contributed by those who decline to yield to that church submission. Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, Jews, and all other denominations of Christians or non-Christians have, too, their hospitals, asylums, industrial homes. Innumerable hearts feel the pang of pity for woe, and countless willing hands are stretched forth to soothe the suffering. Far be it from me to belittle the work of these noble men and women. They command and receive the profound respect of all.

Baltimore was last year honored by its selection for the seventeenth annual convention of the National Conference of Charities, and I shall long remember the pleasure and the privilege I enjoyed in attending the closing session and in listening to the *résumé* of the work of benevolence, absolutely unsectarian and extending to almost every State in this Union. Such work is an honor to our nation. But in its every ramification it might have been the result of good, feeling hearts, the outcome of purely natural religion; and I apprehend that its members would not insist on any larger claim. Nor do I deny that there may be, and are, *individual* instances where labor and devotion far beyond what may be represented by money are lavishly and lovingly bestowed.

In the Catholic Church, however, we observe, as a rule and as a

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well-considered system, an immense advance of effort. She encourages her children to give, not their wealth alone, but *themselves*. In her communion we find brought down into every-day, nineteenth-century life, and as a well-recognized system, the utter sacrifice and life consecration of one's self to one's fellow-creatures. Need I appeal for confirmation to facts which are apparent to all? Consider the army of Sisters of Charity within the limits of the United States; add to these the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Notre Dame, of the Good Shepherd, the Little Sisters of the Poor, of the Bon Secours, and the other numerous bands of women who serve for life without pecuniary reward. Add to these the male members of the religious orders. Add, again, the immense number of brothers who conduct our educational, industrial, and reformatory institutions. These, turning their backs upon home and friends and all that life holds dear, devote themselves to the Christ-like task of healing poor humanity's sores.

The immense organization of St. Vincent de Paul, which has its average of a dozen or so working members in most parishes in the land, has not one salaried officer among the number who make it up. It is within the truth to say that in this country many thousands of men and women give themselves up to the work of God, showing forth in their lives the undying freshness and energy of Christ's example and precept. With these his words do not pass away! In the present year the desire of sacrifice of self, after our Divine Master's example, appears to have touched more hearts than is common. The noble epidemic of high resolves and high deeds would seem to be spreading. The very day on which these lines are written, a lady in Mr. Carnegie's adopted State, one "with glowing health and boundless wealth," gives up, not alone her vast fortune to the betterment of the condition of the Indian and the colored race, but—what is far more heroic—gives up *herself!* And many others we all know who, with less to abandon of worldly wealth, surrender themselves to lives of poverty and toil with a self-renunciation no less complete.

In the olden days of strife and bloodshed women moved between opposing lines of battle, endeavoring to bring about peace Ofttimes they were allied by blood and interest to the combatants on either side. If we may believe those who stand upon the watch-towers and scan the signs of the times, a tempest of war, to

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which all former wars were holiday tournaments, looms big upon the horizon and threatens to whelm the world in horrors. Wealth and poverty, they say, stand more and more apart and glare across the widening chasm more fiercely. "While the wicked are proud, the poor man is set on fire!" Capital and labor, after severe skirmishes with varying success, are arming for the supreme conflict.

And these I have mentioned, with the credentials of self-renunciation, pass between the lines, averring on one side that superfluous wealth is a curse and a snare, that honest labor has its rights; on the other, that some in the providence of God must labor, that toil is honorable and consecrated by Christ's example; and to both sides crying out that Christ's reign, if they acknowledge his leadership, is primarily and essentially a reign of peace. How imminent the struggle may be no man can affirm precisely, but signs there are which may well fill us with disquiet. The rich are daily becoming richer, the poor poorer; luxury, high living, and the pride of life are on the increase. The thirst for wealth becomes daily more insatiable; the cries of the distressed more sharp and loud and poignant.

The economic conditions in the United States are fast approaching those of England. The homes of the poor are more marked by destitution and squalor; the light of heaven is being closed out from miserable tenement room and attic; flesh and blood are becoming more cheap, and bread more dear; the well-being of the car-horse is more solicitously watched than that of the driver. Small wonder that strong men, maddened by the tears of wife and cries of starving children, band themselves together, and sometimes resort to deeds of violence.

It is high time, then, that Gladstone, Manning, and Hughes, in England, should with grave anxiety review the situation and sound a note of warning. Most opportunely, here, does a millionaire like Mr. Carnegie declare it to be the duty of a man of wealth, first, to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and, after doing so, to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds which he is called upon to administer; the man of wealth thus becoming the mere agent and trustee for his poorer brethren.

What, then, is the duty of all good men to avert the crisis?

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The answer is simple and all-embracing. Back to Christ, his example and his teaching! This is the looking backward available and practicable to all. There is enough, and more than enough, within the pages of the four gospels to disarm at once this array of class against class. The sacred pages teem with warnings to the rich. They are the words of eternal truth. About their meaning there is little substantial difference of opinion among Christians of all shades. The bane of our times is that the voice is no longer to many a living voice, in the rush and the clamor of money-getting; the sacred characters are overlaid and well-nigh obliterated by the daily-gathering dust of worldliness. Yet the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is right in affirming that in the Bible the spirit of wealth and of greed is oftener inveighed against than the crime of adultery or drunkenness.

In the evening of careers of unexampled brilliancy and distinguished public service, two of England's greatest men, seer-like, lift hands and voices of warning. The conditions which have come upon that land are, it is to be feared, fast assuming shape and consistency here. Let, then, the leaders of opinion and the directors of conscience in this great republic strive earnestly and fearlessly, by example and precept, to avert the coming strife.

Above all, like the French workmen of the Val-de-Bois and that great Christian socialist le Comte de Mun, let employers and employed come together in amity, with a view to mutual understanding. Let them state their mutual grievances and ascertain their mutual demands, and, temperate Christian counsels reigning, the result will be lasting peace.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

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PAUPERISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY PROFESSOR RICHARD T. ELY, OF JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

THE chief of the Salvation Army has written a book which marks an epoch in the history of thought on social subjects in the nineteenth century. It has stirred the minds and hearts of millions on three continents, and touches men on every continent, for there is no great part of the world not reached by this remarkable man. Although no student of social science may be able to accept its theories and recommendations as a whole without serious qualification, it is a trumpet-blast calling men to action on behalf of the poorest and most degraded classes in modern society. Carelessness and indifference to others have sought shelter behind walls of lies built up by the devil's optimism, which denies evils to escape responsibility. But these walls begin to tumble about those who thought themselves secure in their shadow. Hundreds of men have been earning plaudits for ministering to the self-satisfied complacency of the fortunate classes, but the word of an honest man, whose life corresponds with his teaching, produces an effect which overthrows years of evil work on their part. A man has spoken.

General Booth calls the most unfortunate class in the community for which he pleads the "submerged tenth," and, roughly speaking, it is an accurate designation in the modern civilized world. This class is divided into three parts, or three sub-classes, namely, the defective, the delinquent, and the dependent. Statistics regarding the numbers in these three sub-classes are everywhere meagre and unsatisfactory, but they are sufficient to indicate a rough accuracy in the term the "submerged tenth."

It is the purpose of the present article to deal chiefly with one of these sub-classes, that of the dependents or paupers, and to treat of this part of the great submerged tenth as it exists in the

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United States, making a few references to paupers in other countries.

While we may deplore the lack of careful statistical information concerning pauperism in this and other countries, there are certain facts which we do know. First of all is this fact: there exists in the United States an immense mass of pauperism. No one knows either how great this mass is, or whether it is relatively, or even absolutely, larger than in former times. Several States in the Union, as New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, publish statistics concerning the defective, delinquent, and dependent classes, but many of the States gather no statistics at all, or very inadequate ones. Such statistics as we have cannot well be brought together and compared, because they have not been collected in the same year in different States, nor have they been collected according to similar methods. The word pauper in one State means one thing, and in another State something else. For example, dependent children are in one place classed among the paupers, and in another place they are put in a category by themselves.

The only authority competent to gather the facts which we ought to know for the whole country is the federal government, and it has attempted to do something in the various censuses. The census reports, however, have been heretofore incomplete and unsatisfactory, and during last year the praiseworthy attempt to gather most important social information has been at least partially frustrated by the senseless opposition of the newspapers. Mr. Frederick H. Wines, a high authority, was the special agent of the Tenth Census appointed to gather the statistics concerning the submerged tenth, and he reported altogether about half a million. This, however, is an underestimate. Only a little over 21,000 outdoor paupers were reported, whereas a single city undoubtedly has a larger number receiving public relief outside of public institutions. It is admitted in the report that "the attempt to secure anything like a complete or adequate enumeration of them in the present census was a failure." "The present census" means the census of 1880.

At the sixteenth Conference of Charities and Correction, in Omaha, in 1889, the committee on reports from States expressed the opinion that it was safe to estimate the number of persons in the United States receiving outdoor relief at an aver-

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age of 250,000 during the year, including at least 600,000 different persons. This same committee, including Messrs. F. B. Sanborn and H. H. Hart, did not regard 110,000 persons as an overestimate of the population of the almshouses of the country. Five States of the Union alone report nearly half that number. These are New York, with 19,500 inmates of almshouses; Pennsylvania, with 13,500; Massachusetts, with 9,000; Ohio, with 8,000; and Illinois, with 5,000. These States, however, do not include much over one-third of the population of the country. Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, the able and devoted secretary of the New York Charity-Organization Society, has estimated that three millions of people in the United States were wholly or partially supported by alms during a recent year, and that the support received by this number was equal to the total support of half a million paupers during the entire year. This estimate is based upon such facts as he had been able to gather, and even a guess from one situated as he is has some weight.

Reliable statistics make this estimate of three millions for the United States not at all improbable. Three millions of paupers would comprise less than 5 per cent. of the population, or one in twenty, whereas in Cologne, in Germany, in 1781, one in four of the population was a pauper. In England, in 1863, $5\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. of the population consisted of paupers. Turning to the United States, we find that over 10 per cent. of the people of Buffalo, N. Y., received alms in 1876. The Buffalo estimate includes merely the recipients of city alms, and there must have been a large additional number of recipients of private alms. There are always many recipients of private and secret alms in every community, and this unknown number must be added to the number of known paupers if we are to have a correct view of pauperism in the United States. All that we can do is to say from the facts which come under our individual observation that the total number of those who receive private and secret charitable aid must be very large. Every careful observer with an extensive acquaintance knows many persons in every social class either wholly or partially supported by private charity. They are persons who truly belong to the dependent classes, unable to maintain themselves in the world of competition, but who never figure in reports of any society or public charitable institution.

There are many ways of arriving at this estimate of three

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millions in the United States. We may first, in order to be careful not to overestimate the pauperism of the United States, suppose our population to be sixty millions, instead of sixty-two and a quarter millions, as it really is. We may next divide the percentage of pauper population of Buffalo by one-half, giving us 5 per cent. If it be granted that this is a conservative estimate, we will have still three millions of paupers. An experienced worker among the dependent and delinquent classes in New York estimated five years ago that there were 220,000 alms-receivers in that city. Critics who question the reliability of the figures wish to cut them down one-half, but even that would have left nearly 10 per cent. of the population, giving New York twice its proper share, if the estimate of three millions for the country be correct. *The State Charities Record*, the organ of the State Charities-Aid Association of New York, states that during the year ending October, 1888, nearly half a million people in the State of New York received public aid, which would give us at the same ratio for the entire country over five millions, as New York contains less than one-tenth of the population. This New York estimate, however, does not include the inmates of jails, work-houses, etc., and those who receive charitable aid from other sources. It is stated that, if these were added, we should have at least three-quarters of a million in New York State dependent upon charity, showing that for the State of New York General Booth's expression, the "submerged tenth," is far from being an exaggeration.

The number of paupers varies greatly from year to year, according to the general prosperity of the country and other causes, and even within the same year, according to the season. The estimate of three millions cannot be regarded as an extravagant one for the United States during hard times. We have, then, that number of persons who at some time or another are compelled to ask support which they will not or cannot obtain for themselves. If we should cut down this number to half a million, it would be sufficient to cause distress to every lover of his kind, and to justify inquiry into the nature of pauperism, its causes and its cure.

Numerous estimates have been made of the direct and indirect cost of pauperism to this country. The direct pauper expenditures of the United States may be placed at twenty-five millions of dollars at least; indeed, this must be an underestimate, for

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New York State alone expends for charitable purposes through its various institutions over thirteen millions of dollars. If we place the average number of persons in the country supported by charity at five hundred thousand, and estimate the loss of productive power for each one of these at $100 per year, we shall have an indirect loss of fifty millions of dollars to be added to the direct expenditures. One hundred millions of dollars a year must be regarded as a conservative estimate of the total direct and indirect pecuniary loss to the country on account of pauperism. A far more serious loss, however, is the loss in manhood and womanhood.

In contrast to this first fact of the great mass of pauperism, we have the second equally indisputable fact that it is for the most part a curable disease. Wherever there has been any earnest and intelligent attempt to remedy the evil, the success has been equal to all the most sanguine could anticipate. I have read accounts of many such attempts to lessen pauperism, and everything that I have read has confirmed in my mind the belief that it is a curable evil. A few illustrations out of a great number at hand must suffice for present purposes. The Elberfeld system of charitable relief is well known. About 1850 an earnest attempt was made in that city to deal with the question of pauperism. At that time the number of inhabitants was 50,000 ; in 1880 it was 90,000 ; but the number of friendly visitors required had not increased. The number needing help fell from 2,948 in the year 1853 to 1,287 in 1876, or from 57 in the thousand of population to between 15 and 16 in the thousand. The city of Leipsic introduced the Elberfeld system in 1881, and in a single year the number of paupers fell off two thousand. Even England seems to have met with some success in dealing with pauperism, for the paupers comprised $5\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. of the population in 1863, $4\frac{6}{10}$ in 1871, and only 3 per cent. in 1882.

The experience of Buffalo, in this country, has been as instructive as it is gratifying. During the first ten years of the existence of the Buffalo Charity-Organization Society, namely, from 1877 to 1887, the pauperism of the city decreased, so far as statistics indicate, at least 50 per cent. Of 763 families dealt with by that society in 1878–79, Mr. Rosenau, the secretary, was able to state that, so far as he knew, 458 families had never been applicants for charity since 1879, and only 81 were met with in

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1887. Mr. Rosenau further said that, if the citizens of Buffalo would furnish the society with funds and workers, the close of 1897 would see the city practically free from pauperism, and, he hoped, with very little abject poverty within her limits. Mr. Kellogg, of the New York Society, in his fifth annual report, claims that of 4,280 cases treated during the preceding year, 697 became self-supporting by securing employment for them, by training them in industry, or by starting them in business. During the same year 1,508 cases treated during the first year of the society's existence were reëxamined, and over 20 per cent. of these cases were *known to continue self-supporting*. Of course some of the others treated during the first year who could not be traced continued self-supporting.

There is reason to believe that there are adult paupers who can never be rendered entirely independent and self-supporting. Some of these are willing to work, but have simply not been furnished with qualities requisite for success in the competitive world of to-day, or their latent faculties, which might once have been developed, have been allowed to remain unused so long that their present development is practically impossible. These require permanent treatment in establishments adapted to them, where such powers as they have can be utilized for their own good and the benefit of society. With some others the trouble is not so much mental or physical as moral, and these require permanent treatment, severe but kind, in separate establishments. The first of these permanently-helpless classes belongs to a certain extent to the imbeciles, while the second belongs rather to the criminal class. Both of these classes, however, are few in number, and all others can be redeemed. Nearly all children belong to the redeemable portion of humanity. This second fact states, then, this proposition: pauperism as now known may be considered a needless evil; in other words, in modern society there are sufficient resources to cure it if men would but apply them.

The third indisputable fact observed is that only slight effort is put forth by the community at large to cure the evil of pauperism. Mr. Rosenau has shown that only one in 713 persons in thirty-two cities where there are charity-organization societies which reported, contributed to their funds. These cities represented a population of about seven and a quarter millions, and the

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number of contributors was only a little over ten thousand. When we put this in contrast with the church membership of the country, which comprises something like one-third of the population, or, if we count only adult members, one-fourth, we are reminded of the conclusion reached by Mr. Frederic Harrison and others that for social regeneration Christianity is a failure. Of course many cannot contribute money, but there is equal complaint of a lack of persons who are willing to contribute their time and sympathy as friendly visitors. Those who have read Tolstoï's book, "What to Do," will find there described the experience of every sincere friend of humanity who has attempted to secure genuine coöperation among the fortunate classes to help elevate the less fortunate classes out of their economic, physical, and moral wretchedness; namely, general but vague expressions of interest, with a final refusal of the aid needed. As in the parable of the New Testament, they all begin to make excuses.

Tolstoï, far away in Russia, has discovered what the workers among the poor in our own country have found out, that the poor can be relieved by individual treatment. As in Russia, so here, the number of those in a position to render the needed help far exceeds the number of those who require assistance. "A remarkable man named Sutaieff" comes to Tolstoï and tells him that he has been making a mistake in giving kopeks to beggars, and intimates that the problem of dealing with pauperism is not so great after all. "You are not aware, I dare say," replies the writer of the book, "that there are in Moscow about twenty thousand cold and hungry, and then think of those in St. Petersburg and other towns!" Sutaieff smiled and replied: "Twenty thousand; and how many families are there in Russia alone? Would they amount to a million?" He then goes on to say that, if each family would do its part, the resources of the people would be more than sufficient to meet the needs of the situation. The number of people in the United States who call themselves Christians is certainly five times the number of those who require help, while the most that is wanted is one friendly visitor to each pauper. The successful Elberfeld system requires only one friendly visitor to four needy families. If we are not prepared, with Mr. Frederic Harrison, to turn away from the proud pretensions of Christianity as illusory, we may certainly reproach those who call themselves Christians with the fact that

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their conduct is not in accord with their proud professions, even if we remember all the activity of the churches which is connected neither with charity-organization societies nor any outside organizations.

Because Christ said, "The poor ye have with you always," some have wanted to find in that an excuse for their own neglect of conduct prescribed by the fundamental principles of Christianity. To begin with, they have become accustomed to quote Christ incorrectly and make him say, "The poor ye shall always have with you," which he never said; and, in the second place, they have drawn false conclusions from what he did say, whether it referred to the present or future. We have crime always with us. Is that any reason why we should not do all in our power to lessen crime? Pauperism is a moral and physical evil, and we ought to do all in our power to remedy it. We have the scribes and Pharisees always with us, those who pervert Scripture and make it an excuse for their own shortcomings; but this does not render it less desirable to reduce this odious class to its lowest limits.

What are the causes of pauperism? These causes are many, and they cannot be stated in any single sentence. The most general statement possible is that the causes of poverty are heredity and environment, producing weak physical, mental, and moral constitutions. If sociological investigations have made one thing clearer than another, it is that paupers are a class into which one is often born, and from which, when born into it, one can be rescued, as a rule, only by a change of environment. These investigations show likewise that paupers are a class of inferior men. Inquiry was made at the Prison Association two years ago as to the chief cause of crime, and every expert in criminal studies was reported to have replied, "Bad homes and heredity." The same reply may be given as to the causes of pauperism. Four different careful studies of the causes of pauperism have been made, two in New York State, one in Indiana, and one in Berlin.

The first which I have in mind was made by Mr. Richard L. Dugdale, and was called "The Jukes." The ancestor of the Jukes is called "Margaret, the mother of criminals." Mr. Dugdale estimated that 1,200 of this family in seventy-five years cost the community directly and indirectly not less than a million and a quarter of dollars.

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The second study was made in New York State under the direction of the Legislature by the State Board of Charities. The investigation occupied the secretary of this board and various assistants for nearly two years, and the antecedents of every inmate of the poorhouses of the State were examined. Mrs. C. R. Lowell, who has been so active in the charities of New York State, and who has achieved a well-merited reputation, read a report on the results of this investigation. She describes typical women. The description of two cases may be quoted, and they will serve for all.

"In the Herkimer County poorhouse a single woman, aged sixty-four years, twenty of which have been spent in the poorhouse; has had six illegitimate children, four of whom have been paupers."

"In the Montgomery County poorhouse a woman twenty years of age, illegitimate, uneducated and vagrant; has two children in the house, aged respectively three years and six months, both illegitimate, and the latter born in the institution; recently married an intemperate, crippled man, formerly a pauper."

Mrs. Lowell says: "These mothers are women who began life as their own children have begun it—inheriting strong passions and weak wills, born and bred in the poorhouse, taught to be wicked before they could speak plain, all the strong evil in their natures strengthened by their surroundings, and the weak good trampled out of life."

The third study to which I referred is that made by Mr. Oscar McCulloch, and is called "The Tribe of Ishmael." Mr. McCulloch, who is a clergyman in Indianapolis, found the poor and degraded in that part of the country closely connected by ties of blood and marriage. This band of paupers and criminals takes its name from one Ben Ishmael, who can be traced as far back as 1790, when he was living in Kentucky. The descendants of this family have intermarried with thirty other families. In the first generation we know the history of 3, in the second of 84, in the third of 283, in the fourth of 640, in the fifth of 679, and in the sixth of 57. We have a total of 1,750 individuals, with but scant records previous to 1840. Among these we find 121 prostitutes. Several murders can be traced to the Tribe of Ishmael. Thieving and larceny are common among them, and they are nearly all beggars. Looking back into the history of the family of Ben Ishmael, we find that three of his grandchildren married three sisters from a pauper family. Death is frequent among them, and they are physically unable to endure hard work or bad climate. They break down early and go to the poorhouse or hospital. About 75 per cent. of the cases treated in the City Hospital

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of Indianapolis are from this class, if we leave out of consideration acute cases and cases from outside the city. A confirmation of the frequent relationship among the unfortunate classes is given in the eighteenth annual report of the trustees of the Children's Home of Washington County, Ohio. It appeared from investigations that during the two preceding years over 66 per cent. of the number who had been inmates of the home from Washington County were related by blood or marriage.

The fourth of the studies is that made by city missionaries in Berlin a few years ago, and reported by Court Pastor Stöcker. The ancestors of this criminal and pauper family were two sisters, of whom the older died in 1825. Their posterity numbers 834 persons. The criminalists are able to trace the history of 709 with tolerable accuracy. Among these there were 106 illegitimate children, 164 prostitutes, 17 pimps, 142 beggars, 64 inmates of poorhouses, and 76 guilty of serious crimes, who together had passed 116 years in prison. It is estimated that this single family cost the state over half a million dollars.

It is worthy of note in this connection that the members of the Tribe of Ishmael are, as a rule, temperate, and total abstainers are often found among the worst classes.

Mr. Dugdale bases these "tentative" conclusions upon his study:

"1. Pauperism is an indication of weakness of some kind, either youth, disease, old age, injury, or, for women, childbirth.

"2. Hereditary pauperism rests chiefly upon disease in some form, tends to terminate in extinction, and may be called the sociological aspect of physical degeneration.

"3. The debility and diseases which enter most largely into its production are the result of sexual licentiousness.

"4. The logical induction seems to be that environment is the ultimate controlling factor in determining careers, placing heredity itself as an organized result of invariable environment."

Heredity and environment are ultimate causes. The other causes, which are generally the only ones noticed by the casual observer, are the immediate causes of poverty. Those who are weak in body and mind yield to unfavorable circumstances, not having sufficient power to enable them to overcome all the obstacles of life. The number of paupers is always greater in winter than in summer, and is always much larger in what are called "hard times" than in flush times, all showing a certain power to

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resist temptation and to fight for a living, but an inadequate power.

There are those, undoubtedly, whose pauperism can be traced neither to heredity nor unfavorable environment, but they are comparatively few. Well-brought-up children of morally and physically sound parents seldom become paupers.

Perhaps the most careful analysis of the causes of pauperism has been made by Professor Amos G. Warner, of the University of Nebraska. He presents the following analysis of the more immediate or proximate causes of poverty:

ANALYSIS OF THE CAUSES OF POVERTY.

- **Subjective.**
  - **Characteristics.**
    1. Undervitalization and indolence.
    2. Lubricity.
    3. Specific disease.
    4. Lack of judgment.
    5. Unhealthy appetites.
  - **Habits producing and produced by the above.**
    1. Shiftlessness.
    2. Self-abuse and sexual excess.
    3. Abuse of stimulants and narcotics.
    4. Unhealthy diet.
    5. Disregard of family ties.
- **Objective.**
  1. Indequate natural resources.
  2. Bad climatic conditions.
  3. Defective sanitation, etc.
  4. Evil associations and surroundings.
  5. Defective legislation and defective judicial and punitive machinery.
  6. Misdirected or inadequate education.
  7. **Bad industrial conditions.**
     a. Variations in value of money.
     b. Changes in trade.
     c. Excessive or ill-managed taxation.
     d. Emergencies unprovided for.
     e. Undue power of class over class.
     f. Immobility of labor.
  8. Unwise philanthropy.

According to all careful investigations, intemperance plays a minor, although an important, role, the returns under this head depending largely upon the prejudices of the person making the investigation. One Prussian table of causes of destitution attributes less than 2 per cent. to intemperance. The tenth report of the Buffalo Charity-Organization Society shows that during the period of its existence over 11 per cent. of the cases of pauperism were traced by its secretary to intemperance. In London Mr. Charles Booth—not General Booth—attributes from 13 to 14 per cent. of the cases to intemperance. There are others who attribute a much larger percentage of pauperism to intemperance,

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but nearly if not quite always a minority. Lack of employment, or involuntary idleness, is a more prominent cause of pauperism, and undoubtedly many cases of intemperance may be traced back to a period of involuntary idleness. The number of unemployed in England and Wales has been placed at six millions, and in the United States at over one million, and an extremely small percentage is due to strikes or lockouts. Child-labor, which has assumed terrible proportions in recent years, and the employment of women must be placed among the causes of poverty, both of them tending to break up the home. Industrial crises are a chief cause of modern pauperism, it having been observed in every modern nation that the number of tramps and paupers increases immensely during a period of industrial depression. Many men, while seeking work during these periods, fall hopelessly into vagabondage and pauperism, and those dependent upon them are thrown upon the public.

What has been said about causes of pauperism makes it easy to understand the nature of the remedies required. It is necessary to go back of the phenomena which lie on the surface to underlying causes. Things which are not seen are of more importance than things which are seen. I have said that the two chief causes of pauperism are heredity and environment, and the question arises, How change these for the better? Fortunately the more powerful is environment, and that is the more easily controlled. The remedy is to break up these pauper and criminal bands, and at the earliest age to remove the children from their poisonous atmosphere. Wherever an attempt has been made to improve the children of the lowest classes by placing them in wholesome environment, the results have been eminently satisfactory. Not all, but a large majority, grow up to be independent, self-respecting, and respected citizens. Less may be done for adults who have once become thoroughly identified with the "lost and lapsed classes," but even for most of these much can be accomplished by bringing wholesome influences to bear. The class regarded as most hopeless of all is that of fallen women, but the Salvation Army's "Slum Sisterhood," consisting of young women of character who go among the most degraded, have secured success even among these. The secret is to go among these people of the submerged tenth as Christ went among men, sharing their sorrows and helping them with the personal contact

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of superior natures. Self-sacrifice, enjoined by true Christianity, is the neglected social force which solves social problems.

Germany has a large number of "Laborers' Colonies" for the dependent classes, and these colonies have succeeded well, on the whole. It seems clear that there is a class which must be kept permanently isolated in asylums and subjected to kind but firm discipline. They are called by General Booth the "morally incurable," and include those who "will not work and will not obey." These are to be regarded, from the stand-point of competitive society, as social refuse, but they are not entirely useless on that account. Their own good requires strong government, which will utilize whatever powers they possess, and only in case improvement is seen in individuals among them should greater liberty be allowed to these relatively more hopeful cases. It is felt by all specialists in sociology that these hopelessly lost and lapsed should not be allowed to propagate their kind.

The analysis of applicants for relief made by American charity-organization societies shows that the number of poor and worthy people is much larger than one would gather from superficial newspaper articles. Nearly 28,000 cases were analyzed, with this result:

Worthy of continuous relief	10.3 per cent.
Worthy of temporary relief	26.6 " "
Needing relief in the form of work	40.4 " "
Unworthy of relief	22.7 " "

It is difficult to say who ought to be called unworthy of relief, but evidently those are placed in that category whose trouble is above everything else moral, and among these are some who ought most of all to excite our compassion.

Turning now to more specific remedies, we may instance two which have been tried and failed. One is miscellaneous almsgiving, which has been a social curse, producing the very evil which we want to cure. Every time money is given on the street to a beggar without inquiry harm is done. The other remedy which has been tried is still advocated by some, and that is tract-distribution and preaching. Social reformers have long said that conditions must first be changed before we can work upon the individual by appeals to his moral nature. Social reformers have been much abused for emphasizing external circumstances, but they seem at last to have carried conviction to those actually at work

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among the poor. The late Mr. Charles Loring Brace, who worked successfully among the poor of New York city, although himself a religious man, warned us against the effort to cure the worst evils of the slums of cities by technical religious means. Mr. Brace speaks of a too great confidence in "the old technical methods, such as distributing tracts, holding prayer-meetings, and scattering Bibles," and assures us that "the neglected and ruffian classes are in no way affected directly by such influences as these." But if the testimony of a layman is doubted, we may quote the Rev. Mr. Barnett, rector of St. Jude's, in London, who tells us that "the social reformer must go alongside the Christian missionary." The Methodists have generally as much confidence as any denomination in these technically religious methods, but the well-known Methodist minister, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, of London, says: "I have had almost as much experience of evangelistic work as any man in this country, and I have never been able to bring any one who was actually starving to Christ." Let us hear the chief of the Salvation Army, who certainly does not underrate religious exhortation. General Booth says:

"I have had some experience on this subject, and have been making observations with respect to it ever since the day I made my first attempt to reach these starving, hungry crowds,—just over forty-five years ago,—and I am quite satisfied that these multitudes will not be saved in their present circumstances. All the clergymen, home missionaries, tract-distributors, sick-visitors, and every one else who cares about the salvation of the poor, may make up their minds as to that. The poor must be helped out of their present social miseries."

Some specific remedies must, on account of lack of space, be merely mentioned. A prominent cause of misery in all cities is found to be early and thoughtless marriages. A public sentiment must be formed on this subject. The results are weak and feeble children, and often ultimate discouragement and pauperism on the part of parents unable to carry the burdens which they have taken upon themselves. A further development of charity-organization societies will be helpful. Friendly societies and trades-unions should be encouraged in every way, and the example of a few educated and cultured people not of the wage-earning class, who have joined societies like the Knights of Labor, ought to be more generally followed. The close association with one's fellows in these societies is most helpful, and this keeps their members from pauperism. Very few paupers are members of any trades-

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union. When in a time of great distress a large fund was raised in London for distribution, in one district one thousand men applied for help before one mechanic came, and among all the applicants there was only one member of a trades-union.

The chief agency of reform, however, must be sought in the helpful coöperation of citizens with public authorities, particularly with those of the city. Private societies have made a failure of efforts to improve social conditions. The Elberfeld system, so often quoted, means precisely this coöperation of private effort with municipal authorities. This organization of charities is a municipal one, which drafts into its service the best citizens as friendly visitors in such numbers that there is one to every four poor families.

Finally, every social improvement tends to diminish the number of paupers, and the question of pauperism thus involves the whole of social science. Remedies are of two kinds, positive and preventive; namely, those which seek to cure the evil and those which aim to prevent its coming into existence. The number of our almshouses, asylums, and charitable institutions of all sorts, of which we boast so much, is really our shame. They show that we are but half-Christians. As we progress in real Christianity, preventive measures will be more and more emphasized. They will include, among other things, improved education of every grade, better factory legislation, including employers'-liability acts, means for the development of the physical man, like gymnasiums, playgrounds, and parks, increased facilities for making small savings, like postal savings-banks, and more highly-developed sanitary legislation and administration. We may hope to see the time when the practice of Christians will to such an extent conform to their proud professions that the slums of cities will disappear and be replaced by wholesome dwellings, permitting in these quarters once more to spring up that old and beneficent institution—The Home.

RICHARD T. ELY.

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THE EXAMPLE OF A GREAT LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE bitterly cold day in March, 1881, Mr. Peter Cooper stopped by appointment to take me to see certain improvements he was making in the Cooper Union building. When we arrived at our destination, we found the elevator boy absent from his post, and, at Mr. Cooper's suggestion that he might have gone to dinner, I started in quest of the delinquent. On my return from a fruitless search Mr. Cooper was visibly annoyed. The building was high; we were bound for the topmost story, and there remained no other means of ascent than by the stairway. At last he looked at me dubiously. "Don't you think you can manage it?" he asked.

"The question is not about myself, Mr. Cooper, but about you," I answered (he being over ninety and I less than a third of that age). "Oh!" he exclaimed, as if much relieved; "I, on the contrary, was thinking of you; I am all right." And he proceeded to mount the steps with ease, if not with agility.

The incident was typical of the man, illustrating a kindliness, a forgetfulness of self, that in this case was almost capable of bringing a smile to the lips of unreflecting people; but it was this forgetfulness of self, this abnegation of the privileges of old age on his own part, this ever-present sympathy with the young, that, on his decease, two years afterwards, drew the multitudes of New York with uncovered heads along the very road we had come, that draped in sadness our cities, and that tolled the bells in mourning spires as Peter Cooper's mortal remains were borne to the grave.

It was these qualities that also gathered together the great mass of people on the evening of the 12th inst.* to honor the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

* February 12, 1891.

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Peter Cooper's life stretches over a period fraught with greater changes than any the world has ever seen, or will probably ever see again compressed within the same number of years. His life is a span between the Machine Age and the remnants of the Feudal Age that lingered even in the New World.

In every sense he was the epitome of his time, of its hopefulness, of its inventiveness, of its dawning charity, and of its greater love of men.

Mr. Cooper, in short, was in perfect harmony with his age, and this is the only way to explain the success with which he exercised his varied gifts and his diversified talents. The excuse for my little sketch of him at this time is not only the fact of its being now the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth, but that his career has special significance in connection with the discussion on the obligations of wealth to which THE REVIEW is opening its pages.

I shall quote from a considerable number of his letters and papers, and I shall repeat bits of conversation which, owing to my near relationship, it was my good fortune to enjoy with him, apologizing for the repetition of any circumstances that may be already known to the reader.

On the subject of ancestry, which I suppose is the natural preface to my remarks, Mr. Cooper held positive views. "I have always considered the conduct of one's ancestors to be as important as the tendencies one inherits through them," he said. "For their acts may serve as examples to be followed or as warnings of what must be avoided. The acts of my ancestors, at all events, served as both. They set me a glowing example of patriotism and devotion to humanity, and they supplied me a warning against business carelessness and getting into debt."

The statement was strictly accurate. His grandfather, John Campbell, served gallantly in the Revolution, and further, as Deputy Quartermaster-General, advanced eleven hundred guineas in gold to the cause. He neglected, however, to take security for the loan, which was never repaid till 1833, when by special act of Congress restitution was made to his heirs, though that was long after the money could have helped his grandson in his struggles with the world. John Campbell lost his life from the effects of yellow-fever, having refused to leave his post as alderman in New York during the scourge of 1795.

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"I received from my father," continued Mr. Cooper, "the same example and warning. He fought for his country as a patriot, but forgot that hospitality could only be supported by an ample fortune. For he built a store and a church at Peekskill, only to find that the visiting clergy ate up the profits of the store, while the church, being consigned to religion, naturally failed to make up the deficit, or" (with a smile I well remember) "stored the payments too high in the next world to be of any use in this."

"Mr. Cooper, is there such a thing as luck?" I once asked him.

"There is. The greatest piece of luck I ever had was investing the first surplus money I earned in a lottery ticket."

"And you won?"

"No, I lost; but I gained this experience: that the wheel of fortune is only turned by common-sense applied to common events."

With these principles to start with, it was natural that Mr. Cooper should advance rapidly. Beginning his career with a carriage-builder, he invented, before his apprenticeship had expired, an improved process for mortising the hubs of wheels, which as late as 1879 was still the method by which every wheel in this country was mortised. Indeed, inventions played a large part in his early life.

Mr. Robert Fulton came to see one of these, and he certainly extended little encouragement to the youthful genius at a time it was sorely needed. It was a model for driving a ferry-boat by compressed air, and, according to Mr. Cooper, the distinguished visitor looked at it superciliously and then turned away without a word. "I was only an apprentice boy at that time, and he could see no good in it; but I have carried the wreck of that model about with me all my life."

He sold his next patent—a machine for shearing the nap from cloth—to Mr. Vassar. What a singular coincidence, this early meeting between the founders of Vassar College and the Cooper Institute! Mr. Cooper had reserved certain rights in his machine for himself, and during the War of 1812 these paid handsomely It may surprise some to learn that Mr. Cooper, in addition to his other avocations, served for a short time as a soldier, though it could hardly have been during his military career that

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the following incident occurred: "Late one afternoon I left a farm-house, where I had gone to visit some friends, and started on foot to return to a small village where I was stopping. I knew that I was in the neighborhood of the enemy, but I had no idea I was so close to their lines until I heard across a wooded valley, along which the road ran, the sound of shots. Then I saw the smoke, as of a skirmish, rising over the trees, and a moment afterwards I heard quite distinctly the cheers for King George intermingled with those of our men."

The war was followed by a long and serious commercial depression. An invention about this time—probably the indirect result of his marriage—was certainly in harmony with the now pacific condition of the country, and the immediate sale it met with proved the adaptability of the inventor's genius. It was a self-rocking cradle for a baby, with a swinging arrangement over it to keep off the flies, and the further combination of a musical box to lull the infant to sleep. A Yankee pedler to whom he happened to show it was so overcome by admiration that in the height of his enthusiasm he offered him his wagon, his horse, and everything the vehicle contained, promising to forward a hurdy-gurdy as a last instalment when he reached home.

"On that we concluded the bargain," said Mr. Cooper, "as the hurdy-gurdy was a fair offset to the musical box. I had heard one play before on board a ship, and I thought it the sweetest music I had ever heard. It so attracted the passengers that the boy player received from them quite a contribution."

This simplicity of character was one of Mr. Cooper's most pronounced traits. It is the simplicity of the child, and it has been said that no real genius can be without it.

His next invention was of a more ambitious character. Before the completion of the Erie Canal he conceived the idea that the water which supplied the locks and the other elevated waters along the canal could be utilized to move the canal-boats by means of an endless chain driven by a water-wheel. To test the theory, he drove a mile of posts, two hundred feet apart, along the bank of the East River. To these a double tier of rollers was attached to carry an endless wire chain, which in this case was driven by a tide-wheel. Governor Clinton and Colonel Nicholas Fish, with his son, the then youthful Hamilton, who was to develop into a distinguished Secretary of State, attended

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the first trial. A small boat was hitched to the chain, the guests were invited on board, the water-wheel was started, and the round trip of two miles was made in eleven minutes.

Governor Clinton paid $800 for the option to purchase the privilege for the canal. It was not used, however. The reasons were curious. It seems that Governor Clinton, in securing the right of way for the canal, had held out to the farmers, whose lands lay adjacent to its course, the prospect of large sales of produce for the mules that would be required for towing the boats. The endless chain worked without oats. Thus, as Mr. Seth Low observed in his address the other evening at the centennial anniversary of Mr. Cooper's birth, the endless chain was discarded because mules voted. Fifty years afterward the president of the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company hit upon the same scheme for getting his boats through the locks. He tried it—it worked well—he rushed to Washington to secure a patent, only to find that Peter Cooper had anticipated him by fifty years.

This invention marked a turning-point in Mr. Cooper's career. His first advancement in material prosperity dates from about this time. He went into the grocery business, then into the manufacture of glue, and improved processes gave him the market.

Indeed, Mr. Cooper's life well exemplifies the versatility and the progressive, indefatigable spirit of American youth. He never took a new step until it promised to lead him further on the road to success. Stealing precious moments from his hours of toil for inventions; devoting his evenings to study and improvement; economizing in all things with a horror of debt and a love of conscientious work, he carried with him always a recollection of his own early disadvantages, and struggled for wealth in order that his wealth might make success easier for other men. "My only recollection," he often said, "of being at school was at Peekskill, where I attended three or four quarters, part of the time, probably one-half of it, being half-day school."

He was now in a position to interest himself in the great questions of the day. The uprising of the Greeks touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of Americans, and in speaking of that event he said: "The excitement was very great, and I partook of the common fervor. I met Mr. Clay, who was advocating the cause in Congress, at the Astor House, and heard him speak. He was a very inspiring man. For a person who

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had so heartfelt a horror and detestation of war, I became very much excited at the time."

Besides subscribing to the fitting-out of a ship for the relief of the Greeks, Mr. Cooper proceeded to build and equip a torpedo-boat as a further contribution to the enterprise. Unfortunately, before the result of an accident connected with one of its trials could be repaired, the ship sailed, and the torpedo-boat was consigned to the glue factory, which subsequently caught fire, and was destroyed along with its incongruous occupant.

Mr. Cooper's inventiveness partook of the nature of prophetic insight. Steam locomotion on water was to extend to locomotion by steam on land and was to revolutionize society, and although locomotives had been introduced in England, and, I believe, one or two small models had been exhibited here,* his was the first built here that was put to practical use in the United States. It was partially made by his own hand, and was intended for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which had been originally planned for a horse railroad.

The particular fact that Mr. Cooper wished to demonstrate was that a locomotive could pass around curves of a very small radius, which were a special feature of this road. His experiment was eminently satisfactory. The patent for his machinery was dated April 28, 1828. It was signed by the President, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay, Secretary of State. On account of its diminutive size, the engine was christened the Tom Thumb. An amusing incident took place on one of its trial trips and is worthy of repetition, if for no other reason than as an illustration of a condition of affairs long since past. For it seems that the owners of stage coaches in the vicinity of Baltimore looked with anything but approval on Mr. Cooper's efforts and rightly predicted that their business would suffer if his teapot, as they called it, succeeded. Therefore they resolved to set the matter at rest once and forever, and to demonstrate in a convincing manner the inferiority of steam to horse power. Selecting one of their finest and fleetest steeds, they had him hitched to a light conveyance and waited for the engine at a favorable point of the road

* See W. H. Brown's "History of the First Locomotives in America," published by D. Appleton & Co., 1874.

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that skirted the track. Then when the little "teapot," with Mr. Cooper directing it (for he was usually his own engineer), approached, the race began. The engine hissed, the horse puffed, and the crowd yelled, according to a paper of the day. First the horse gained, then the engine; then the horse forged ahead, and again the engine. Finally the horse fell further and further behind, when the Tom Thumb, indulging in a premature whistle of exultation, strained its mechanism in a way to cause a considerable escape of steam.

"Though I tried to prevent the escape with my own hand," explains Mr. Cooper, "the horse began to creep up on me. Finally, I had to stop to repair the accident; and though I nearly caught up again, I did not do so quite. I felt a little chagrined, but I thought in time the engine would be avenged." The accuracy of this prophecy can hardly be disputed. The Tom Thumb, having fulfilled its mission, was replaced by other and more improved machines, and was put away until its resurrection nearly half a century afterwards, when along with its parent it was an honored guest at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city of Baltimore.

Mr. Cooper was an enterprising man of business, too. "The progress of the world is forged in iron," he said, and to meet the demands for iron which he foresaw railroads were destined to create, he entered into the iron business with fervor, building a rolling-mill in New York, opening mines at Ringwood, and starting into life the large iron industries of Trenton, Phillipsburg, and Durham. With steam to convey the bodies of men, must not electricity convey their thoughts? And steam locomotion an acknowledged fact, he set to work to unite Europe and America with an electric cable. With the coöperation of Mr. Cyrus Field, Mr. Moses Taylor, Mr. Wilson G. Hunt, and Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was founded, of which Mr. Cooper was made president. The first meeting was held at the Clarendon Hotel, and as a result Mr. Field and a Mr. White were sent to Newfoundland to obtain the proper charters. The difficulties that confronted the company from its first inception have been too frequently told to bear repetition now. Suffice it to say that, after frequent failures and the disbursement of large sums of money, a cable starting from Ireland and one from this side were united in mid-ocean.

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This transmitted some four or five hundred messages, but the current grew fainter and fainter, and finally stopped completely.

Many people held that it was only a pretence that messages had been sent. It happened, however, that the British government was about to transport a considerable force of men from Canada to China in the war with the Chinese, and that one of the cablegrams that had been received stated that peace had been declared. The sailing of the troop ships was therefore delayed. When the news was confirmed by letter, the doubts of the public were removed on the score of the reliability of the messages. But the cable was broken, and as a commercial venture the enterprise seemed doomed to failure. Two years elapsed and again Mr. Field was sent out to England. He was laughed at; no sensible man would listen to his proposals. He succeeded, however, in "electrifying" an old Quaker gentleman into subscribing four hundred thousand dollars. In fourteen days afterwards the balance of the funds was raised and in due time a new cable laid down. "Then we went to work," says Mr. Cooper, "to find the first one, which we finally succeeded in doing, and, joining the broken ends together, we had two complete cables across the ocean."

"I was often thousands of dollars out of pocket trying to keep this thing going," said Mr. Cooper, "but after the cable became a success the stock rose up to $90 per share." Indeed, Mr. Cooper's wealth was largely augmented through his connection with the Atlantic cable. Thus fortune only frowned on him to make her smile the sweeter.

And now the war draws on. Mr. Cooper had always recommended that the government should endeavor to prevent the crisis that was approaching by the purchase of the slaves, and when South Carolina seceded he hurried to Washington with a delegation of distinguished citizens to learn the views of the President on the situation. It seems Mr. Buchanan kept the deputation waiting, and, when he finally presented himself, sat down without saying a word. After a pause, Mr. A. A. Low, one of the party, informed him of the object of the mission in a very eloquent and able manner, to which the President replied that he had no power in the matter.*

* I am not able to verify the exact phase of the matter to which Mr. Cooper refers, but I believe it related to the garrisoning of certain forts in the South.

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Though advocating peace, the moment Sumter was fired upon Mr. Cooper threw himself with characteristic fervor into the war movement. In the mass-meeting a few days after the capture of that fortress he thus addressed his fellow-citizens :

"Shall it [slavery] succeed ? You say not, and I unite with you in your decision. We cannot allow it to succeed. We should spend our lives, our property, and leave the land itself a desert before such an institution should triumph over the free people of this country. I know, my friends, that will be the feeling when the people wake up to the importance of this crisis. Let us, therefore, unite to sustain the government by every means in our power, to arm and equip in the shortest possible time an army of the best men that can be found in the country."

Mr. Cooper's claims to fame are numerous. As first chairman of the Citizens' Association, he worked valiantly in behalf of municipal reform. He served on the Board of Aldermen, as his grandfather had done before him, when the position was one which it was the ambition of honorable men to secure. He was at the head of the Board of Education, and permitted the use of his name as a candidate for the Presidency, to give the most striking proof of his fidelity to the views on the currency which he had so long advocated.

The great work of his life, however, and one that throws the rest into shadow, I have reserved for the last. He builds the Cooper Institute. Other charities have cost more money, others have been conducted on a more lavish scale, but it is doubtful whether any other has so successfully accomplished the noble purpose which its founder had in view, namely, to help youth to help themselves.

Nor did he wait until he was affluent to make a beginning. He purchased the ground for its site lot by lot, and laid by dollar by dollar for its construction.

The way he came to hit upon the idea can best be told in his own words. "While serving as assistant alderman, I became acquainted with a gentleman who, having just returned from France, informed me that while in Paris he visited the Polytechnic School and the schools of arts and trades, founded by the first Napoleon. What interested me most in his description was the manner of teaching and the wonderful appliances for illustrating the various branches of instruction. I was deeply impressed when

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he told me that there were hundreds of poor young men who lived on a crust of bread from day to day in order to get the benefit of the course of lectures which they could attend without charge.

"I recalled the time when there was no night-school in New York or any means by which a poor boy could acquire knowledge except in the ordinary schools, which required both time and money. I then formed a resolute determination that, if I could ever get the means, I would build an institution and throw its doors open at night as well as in the day, that the young people of this city might enjoy the advantages of knowledge, which would enable them to improve their condition and fit them for all the varied and useful purposes of life. To give them this was the motive power of all my earnest efforts in carrying on and extending my business. It also inspired my wife as well as myself with the necessity of the greatest economy; for, from the time I formed the plan of setting up such a school of learning to the completion of the Union, she gave it her warmest sympathy and aid, of which I shall never fail to speak with the sincerest gratitude."

The president of Columbia College, the other evening, in his address on Mr. Cooper, made—if I correctly understood him—a very good point when he said that the philanthropist must have appreciated the increasing wearisomeness of labor through its manifold divisions, and that he hoped to counteract this by giving the working classes a knowledge of art, and through it a means of making life beautiful. In his scheme the beautiful and the useful certainly went hand in hand; and if ever—which God forbid!—that building should be razed to the ground, within the corner-stone will be found a parchment containing these words:

"The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessing, and learn to love the author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

Mr. Cooper was so identified with the earlier traditions of New York that I can hardly avoid a brief mention of his recollections.

They are indeed extremely interesting. He had seen with his own eyes the remnants of the *chevaux de frise* erected on Duane

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Street to keep off the Indians, as well as the old wooden fortification on the Battery, around which the *élite* of the city resided. "I well remember standing near St. Paul's Church and seeing Washington's funeral pass by," he has often said. "The peculiar way in which his boots were reversed in the stirrups of the charger that followed the hearse made a great impression on me." "Where the Register's Office is now was the old jail. It was in those times literally filled with debtors." "The country can never appreciate," continued Mr. Cooper in this connection, "what it owes to Silas M. Stillman when he got a law passed which abolished imprisonment for debt. Thus we set the world an example which Europe was quick to follow."

Speaking about debtors, Mr. Cooper once told me of a man who, after making a bad failure, settled up his affairs by taking the benefit of the new bankrupt act. Moving into the country, this gentleman found consolation for his past misfortunes in going from house to house in his neighborhood, warning the inhabitants to flee from the wrath to come, asking whether each and every one of his neighbors had made their peace with God, and whether they were prepared to die, taking great pains generally to inquire into the spiritual and moral condition of everybody. On the bankrupt's approaching a holy, but slightly cynical, patriarch of the neighborhood, and inquiring with much concern as to his spiritual condition, he was met with the reply: "I believe that my Heavenly Father will keep strict account of my good deeds and of my bad deeds, and if it should happen that my bad deeds should outnumber my good deeds, I suppose I will have to take the benefit of the act."

While on the subject of crime and its punishment, I remember Mr. Cooper leaving his son's house one day, and, on my following him down the steps to assist him to his carriage, he proposed that I should walk with him into Washington Square, directly opposite. Pointing with his stick to the flower-lined fountain, he spoke of the changed spirit that had come over society, going on to state that very near, if not on, the exact place where that fountain stood he remembered seeing a man hung for theft.

"The recollection has chased me through life like a nightmare," he exclaimed, "and whenever I look up I see him hanging, his head bent over on one side. There he remained for several hours, with the jeering crowd about him. Right over

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there," and he retraced his steps to the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and the park, "once occurred a scene that aroused in the unfeeling people that witnessed it even greater merriment. Two negroes were sentenced to be flogged, and the man in charge of them, thinking to save himself the trouble of inflicting the double punishment, hit upon the ingenious device of making each one flog the other. At first, as may be supposed, the punishment was light; the culprits mutually agreed to spare each other as much as possible. At last, however, one hit a little harder than he intended; the other retaliated, and each, becoming angry, laid on his blows in a manner that made the punishment greater than the severest taskmaster could well have inflicted. Young as I was, I tried to stop the proceedings, but without success.

"Though Washington Square was at that time the Potter's Field of New York, punishments also occasionally took place here, as things were loosely managed in those days."

Mr. Cooper was always genial, talking about New York and its people, its old residences and its customs, now departed, in a way most interesting to hear.

"Do you know," he once asked me, "the origin of the word Manhattan? When the first vessel arrived here, the Indians on the island were invited to a collation prepared for them on shipboard; and, it would seem, they imbibed too freely. Afterwards they alluded to their feast as a Manhattan, meaning, I suppose"—and here the old gentleman laughed heartily—"what is called now an awful spree. I am not certain of the genuineness of the story," he went on, "as this was one of the few scenes too far back in the past for me to have witnessed."

Again: "My grandfather once had a neighbor who made a special study of astrology, and who, on being asked the cause of a sudden depression of spirits, replied that he had just discovered that his three sons had been born under planets signifying for the three the following melancholy fates:

"That one was destined to become a mendicant, the next a thief, and the third a murderer.

"My ancestor pondered deeply over these gloomy prognostics. At last he thus spoke: 'I think I can give you a suggestion that will enable your sons to lead respectable lives in spite of the augury. The one that is to become poor, make a minister of him, for pov-

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erty is the heritage of the church. The one that's to become a robber, make a lawyer of him, and his talents may still be turned to profit. While as for the one that's to become a homicide, I fear I will have to advise your making a doctor of him, for that is the only profession where his propensities will never be questioned.' "

His gift in repeating these little stories, I think, was unique, and it lasted down to the close of his life. In one so aged it was invested with a certain indescribable pathos, displaying as it did a supreme simplicity and unselfishness that at the gateway of eternity could think of giving others pleasure.

At a dinner in his honor on the ninety-first anniversary of his birth his spirits were as genial as ever. At the close he thus replied to the congratulations of his friends :

"In looking back, I can see that my career has been divided into three eras :

"During the first thirty years I was engaged in getting a start in life.

"During the second I was occupied in getting means for carrying out the modest plans which I had long formed for the benefit of man.

"During the last thirty years I have devoted myself to the execution of these plans. This work is now done."

To summarize the success of this work it has always seemed to me that it was less the establishment of a great charity than the development of a new system of philanthropy—a philanthropy that raised instead of abased the recipient in his own estimation. This, combined with his qualities as a man, will cause Peter Cooper, with advancing time, instead of diminishing, to increase in distinctness, and will keep his white, silky locks, his flowing beard, and his patriarchal figure always fresh in the memory of coming generations.

LLOYD BRYCE.

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

BY THE HON. JEREMIAH M. RUSK, UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

AT THE outset of this article I must be permitted to express my reluctance to become a lecturer to any class of my fellow-citizens, or to seem to seek publicity in print. Were it not that the office I hold places me, in a certain sense, before the American public as the official representative of the agricultural interests of the country for the time being, and were it not that some reflection and some argument have convinced me that an opportunity is thus afforded to address, in behalf of the cause with which I have been all my life identified, an audience which I can command in no other way, I should feel compelled to decline an invitation to contribute to these pages. I trust, however, that with the readers as with the editor of this publication the integrity of my purpose and the sincerity of my words will atone for the absence of the polished periods which usually characterize contributions to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

To every patriotic man the first suggestion from passing events or changing conditions in the affairs of his country is duty. If, therefore, in the midst of the burdens and cares of public life and the exactions of my present office, I undertake the task of a contribution to these pages, I do so only because deeply impressed with my obligation to make use of an opportunity to address a large circle of readers who, it is to be feared, rarely

NOTE.—Several of the Cabinet officers are preparing articles for THE REVIEW. Secretary Windom, at the time of his death, had an article partially finished upon his 2 per cent. bond scheme. Secretary Proctor has one upon the Indian question, which is held back to await the result of certain legislation. The article of Secretary Rusk in this number appears first in the series, although it was his personal preference that some of his associates should precede him.

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come into close touch with a farmer, or with one who can speak for farmers. As a farmer, then, let it be understood that I speak.

It will be unnecessary for me to call attention here to the widespread movement among the farmers of the country toward more active participation in public affairs, or to emphasize the causes to which this movement owes its present activity. The events of the past year or two have sufficiently emphasized the existence of the movement; and the average American citizen, accustomed to regard the great cities as the centres of political activity, has been astonished to find that a movement and agitation so widespread could grow to such mammoth proportions without attracting his attention. It was the indifference of the dwellers in the valley below the dam to the constantly increasing weight of the body of water which it restrained. Not until the dam is broken and the water surges down the valley, carrying everything before it, do they realize its weight and force. I am of those who believe that the farmer in politics has come to stay. More, I am of those who believe that in spite of possible, nay, inevitable, blunders on the part of men comparatively untried in the conduct of public affairs, the presence and influence of the farmer in politics will ultimately prove beneficial to the country at large. Labor finds in the hard-working farmer ready sympathy; not the thoughtless sentimental sympathy of the mere theorizer, but the practical sympathy of a man who is himself accustomed to labor for many months of the year from dawn to sundown, and who is not likely, therefore, to be carried to extremes in advocating Utopian theories regarding the privileges and rights of labor. On the other hand, capital need fear no illegitimate onslaughts on the rights of property at the hands of men who own their own homes, who till their own acres, and who owe their living to the proper administration of the little capital they possess. In the face, then, of this movement, it behooves every thoughtful American citizen who loves his country to ask himself the question, What is the duty of the hour? With this conviction I shall endeavor to point out what, in my opinion, is the duty of the hour for those of my fellow-citizens who have no direct connection with agriculture.

Not to be tedious, I shall confine myself in the present article to a consideration of but a few of the many points suggested by that remarkable phase of political agitation in which the farmers

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of this country have so actively engaged. The first consideration to which I shall call attention here is that suggested by the extraordinary progress made during the past forty years in farming methods, and in what I may call farming opportunities. Those who, like myself, have witnessed the change from the tedious toil of the sickle to the triumphant march of the harvester, and from the old-fashioned to the modern plough; who can compare the haying season in the forties with that in the eighties; who remember the ride of ten, twenty, thirty, or even forty miles to market, where, at prices which made the farmer's heart sad indeed, the contents of the wagon were exchanged for some of the necessaries of life; and who compare these methods with the delivery of goods at the nearest station, to find a final market many hundreds of miles, perhaps, from the place of their production, or even in foreign lands across the seas,—to those, I say, whose recollection and experience can compass all these marvellous changes, all this wonderful progress in the farming industry of this country, it would certainly seem, did not actual experience show the case to be otherwise, that the farmer in the United States should to-day be among our most prosperous citizens, and that his advance in material welfare should have been fully equal to that in any other line of life. The fact that this is not so is of itself sufficient to excite surprise, and, I may even say, to suggest the apprehension to every thinking man that things are not altogether as they should be.

As a farmer who has been brought much into contact with those classes of our citizens who are not farmers, I have been frequently impressed with the prevalence among them of two characteristics in their attitude on the farming question,—one of a positive nature relating to the farmers' discontent and to what the farmers themselves have called agricultural depression; the other, negative in its character, namely, their general ignorance—deplorable ignorance—as to the farmers' real condition, as to the needs of American agriculture, and as to its true relation to all other industries, and to the general prosperity of the country.

First, as to the grounds of the farmers' discontent, I find a disposition among non-agricultural classes to decry the extent of agricultural depression, and to magnify the farmers' disposition to complain. They appeal in support of their position to comparative statistics, showing that, even though there has been a

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general lowering in the prices of many of our agricultural products in recent years, notably in cereal and animal products, yet that such reduction has not been considerable, that it is far less than is generally supposed, and that it is greatly exaggerated by the well-known disposition of farmers to bewail their condition to an extent totally disproportioned to their sufferings or necessities. They forget that to the victim of lower prices the importance of the percentage of reduction can be justly estimated only by comparison. Three, 4, or even 5 per cent. will seem trifling to the man who measures his ordinary profits by 15, 20, 25, or even 30 per cent.; but to the man whose profits rarely exceed 3 or 4 per cent. a reduction of 5 per cent. cuts into the quick. Our farmers' profits are very small, and a very slight reduction in the prices of agricultural products, especially if the low prices prevail for two or three years in succession, entails most serious consequences to the producer.

Again, these people fortify their view of matters by frequent allusions to their own early experience,—such of them as were themselves brought up on farms; and they form, as I believe, a very large proportion of successful men in other than agricultural careers. They point out, with an air of convincing argument, that in their boyhood farmers were not nearly so well off as they are to-day; that they did not enjoy the privileges they enjoy now; that markets were less accessible and prices less remunerative; that work was harder, and that, after all, the farmer of to-day should bear in mind that he is, on the whole, far better off than was his father before him. These gentlemen seem to be utterly oblivious of the fact that the very same arguments apply, but with even greater force, to all classes of our citizens; that it is not only useless but absurd to expect a citizen of a nation which boasts of its enormous strides in the path of progress, its enormous increment of wealth, and a growing prosperity which compels the wonder of the world, to be content in a condition which compares unfavorably with that of other classes of his fellow-citizens, on the ground that of this great increment of wealth, of this wonderful growth of prosperity, he has himself had a small share, and is consequently in many respects better off than his father was.

Treat men unequally, and those who are the victims of the inequality will always and justly complain. It is quite possible that here and there a farmer or representative of farmers, smarting under

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a sense of injury, may so exaggerate the tribulations of the farming class as to declare that the farmers of to-day are not so well off as the farmers of a previous generation; but a little reflection and a little argument will soon show that what he and his fellows are bewailing is the unequal distribution which has attended the growing prosperity of this country, and that the burden of complaint is not that they do not enjoy things which were beyond the reach of their fathers, or beyond their own reach in their boyhood, but that, in the general distribution of good things, the bulk of all benefits, the greater proportion of increased wealth and prosperity, has accrued to the benefit mainly of all other classes rather than the agricultural. At the same time, the farmer, as compared with fifteen or twenty years ago, is growing in intelligence and enjoys better opportunities for observation; and he is thus led to see more clearly, to realize more painfully, the widening gulf between the prosperity of the rich man of the city and the condition of the residents of the country. More than this, he is realizing more than ever the truth of the statement so often made to him by the glib-tongued orators who have sought his suffrage, namely, that his occupation, agriculture, is truly the basis of our national prosperity.

Among those who read these pages will unquestionably be many who from time to time have expressed this sentiment. How many of those who have uttered it have thoroughly appreciated its meaning? I deem it to be one of the duties of the hour imposed upon every patriotic American citizen, as a lesson of the times, to inform himself as to the truth of a statement which he has certainly never disputed, and which he has doubtless often expressed. Were I to attempt here to prove its truth, this article would transcend the limits to which I am anxious to restrict it. Nor is it necessary that I should here and now undertake the task. The people I address are those who have it in their own power to satisfy themselves on this point, who have access to all the sources of information from which I would cull the facts in support of this trite, but exceedingly important, statement. Assuming this truth to be undeniable, I will simply reiterate that agriculture is indeed not only the source of all our national prosperity, but the very basis and foundation of the entire national superstructure—the foundation of the dam, the weakness of which is certain to result in general disaster.

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To you, public men, leaders of the people; to you who are in high office; to you, merchants, manufacturers, bankers and brokers, preachers and teachers; to you, professional men,—all of whose occupations depend upon the success and prosperity of this foundation industry of them all,—I say in the most earnest manner: Learn to appreciate this truth as you never have done before; and throughout your course of life, I implore you, let it never be forgotten.

Do not, then, ask the farmer to be satisfied with his lot on the ground that by comparison with some other period of time he is better off than people then were: it is an unreasonable request. Nor can he unequally share in the increase of our national wealth, in the general advance of national prosperity, without sooner or later, but most certainly, causing a grave disturbance in the equilibrium of national affairs. The surest guarantee to the stability of any government is to be found in the enjoyment of equal privileges by all classes of its citizens and in a just distribution among them of the benefits, as well as of the burdens, of the political structure. Not the wealth of the few, but the well-being of the many, must be our chief concern. The fact that the foundation of the superstructure is not prominently in sight is no reason for neglecting it; indeed, the wise building inspector devotes even more of his time to the investigation of it than he does to that of walls or ceiling. In order to keep the national edifice from becoming top-heavy it behooves us, as we add to it, and improve it, and decorate it, to see that the foundations are strengthened proportionately.

Now, as to the ignorance of American citizens not farmers regarding the needs of agriculture and the conditions of the farmer, I must in this respect ask my readers to take my statement on trust, as that of a man who has had special opportunities for judging and who is conscientiously convinced of the necessity for absolute sincerity on this subject. I ask the reader to take my word for it that, great as is the ignorance of the average farmer in regard to business matters and city life, it is no greater than that of his city brother in relation to things agricultural, nor, indeed, is it as great. This being the case, we find ourselves confronted in the present grave economic emergency with a serious condition of affairs. We have a patient who is sick with a disease our physicians do not understand; as a result the sick man and

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his friends, blinded a little, perhaps, by suffering and sympathy in their efforts to arrive at a true diagnosis, yet endeavor to secure relief from suffering by such means as they can command or devise; and who shall blame them if, in the absence of physicians who know something about the case, they are perhaps misled into the adoption of certain nostrums?

The farmers at least know their own condition; and of what use is it to decry the remedies they suggest if ignorance of their true condition and of their needs makes it impossible for you to suggest one? For the last twenty-five years you have been giving the farmer and his needs little or no thought; you have been letting agriculture take care of itself and him. All other classes, all other interests and industries, existing though they do only by reason of the fact that agriculture has called them into existence and supports them, have received your consideration, have been the objects of your special study. Is it surprising, then, that, as the result of your selfishness, the farmer should be indisposed to trust any one but himself? Even when you talk to him fairly, he detects at once that, while you talk well and know much about many things, you know little or nothing of him and his surroundings. If, on the one hand, the farmer lacks business training and experience in affairs, you, on the other hand, who have both, lack to an even greater extent, and in a most pitiful degree, knowledge of agriculture, acquaintance with its followers, and familiarity with their needs and conditions.

Is it not, therefore, the duty of the hour for you who have intelligence, who have, comparatively speaking, wealth, who have for years enjoyed a large share of the country's prosperity, who have never lacked opportunity to make your wants and wishes known in legislative halls, who, in a word, share in a most generous degree in all the benefits of increased national wealth, and in all the blessings attending our grand American institutions,—is it not, I say, the duty of the hour for you, as intelligent, patriotic American citizens, to undertake at once an earnest, thoughtful study of American agriculture, to acquaint yourselves with the needs and conditions of American farmers? Remember that there are in this country five millions of farms, on which ten million workers toil unremittingly; remember that one-half of the population of this

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country is dependent directly upon the fruits of their labor; that all occupations would be profitless but for the results of that labor, and that the prosperity of all other industries depends on their well-being. Remember that it was by the efforts of agricultural labor that you redeemed the bonds of this country from the hands of foreign bondholders; and remember, when you boast of our enormous and growing trade, that 75 per cent. of our exports are the product of agriculture.

In the face of facts such as these, it is certainly not an exaggeration to say that it is clearly the duty of the hour for every man who aspires to usefulness in public affairs to familiarize himself with the needs, conditions, and possibilities of American agriculture. It is the want of such familiarity that mars the full measure of usefulness of some of the most capable and eminent men in the American Congress; and, in spite of a general disposition to accord to agriculture whatever legislation may be necessary, we constantly find such legislation marred, mutilated, or obstructed by the action of some of our representatives, not as the result of any intentional antagonism, but of indifference to or ignorance regarding agricultural interests. If I may be permitted to cite an example from personal experience, I can add, in conclusion, that my experience as Secretary of Agriculture has confirmed what I must confess I anticipated, namely, that this department, though representing the greatest interest in our domestic affairs, is the one of our national departments endowed with the smallest appropriations and receiving the least consideration.

J. M. Rusk.

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MARRIED WOMEN IN FICTION.

BY M. W. HAZELTINE.

IF THE novel be the modern epic,—and since Fielding said it was, no one, we believe, has seriously challenged the assertion,—it is of considerable importance to define its scope and limitations. Is it to stop upon the threshold of the house of life, or is it to go on and penetrate the most capacious spaces and deepest recesses of the mansion? Is the novel to find a terminus, or should it seek a starting-point, in marriage? Who believes any longer in the stereotype formula, "And so they were wedded and were happy ever afterwards"? These questions have long been answered in one way in France and Italy, and for the most part otherwise among English-speaking peoples. Why should there be this difference? Is there any foundation for it in the fundamental principles of ethics or of art? We believe it would be easy to show deductively that the English novel will perish of inanition if the young unmarried girl is to remain its central figure; and we do not think it should be difficult to prove by induction that the masters of English fiction—past, present, and prospective—have for some time recognized the fact.

I.

We have no quarrel with those who protest against the canon of "art for art," and who insist upon the exercise of a vigilant censorship, the nice weighing of the moral effect of novels, as of newspapers. We are perfectly willing to accept their point of view. Let us only be sure that we recognize the quintessence of morality, and rightly distinguish what the welfare of the community demands. Is it ignorance or wisdom that we should wish our teachers to impart and to confirm? Shall the eyes be trained to range over the whole field of vision, or shall they be tightly bandaged? or, what is scarcely less delusive, be kept nailed to a thin sector of life's capacious arc? What should we think of the preacher who should turn his face shyly from the gravest problems of existence and discourse solely of the follies and venial

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shortcomings of youth? What should we value in an epic, a dramatic, or a lyric poet who should concentrate his energies on a theme so shallow and so scant?

We should say to them: You sin against light; you are committing treason against knowledge; you are rejecting the primal data of ethics, as they are expounded in philosophies and vitalized in great religions. By turning the back on truly fecund and invigorative subjects you have abased the pulpit, dwarfed the stage, unstrung the lyre. For what is the fundamental purport alike of the Buddhist precepts, the Platonic dialectic, and the Christian gospels? That triumph implies struggle; self conquest, trial; that without exposure and experience there can be no steadfast purity; that in the absence of temptation real virtue is unthinkable. Where innocence is nine parts ignorance, can it be denied that but a tithe of it can challenge a clear-eyed admiration? *On n'est pas bon quand on est bête.* If it be true that only in the alembic of full knowledge and poignant suffering can be distilled the beauty and nobility of character, why should we permit a novelist to put us off with meaner chemistry? If it is through example and through sympathy that our judgments must be enlightened and our passions purged,—and this, according to Aristotle, was the aim of tragedy,—why shall not the moralist exact that the novel, like the sermon or the epic, shall discard trivialities and gird itself to the discharge of the more elevated function?

Once concede, however, that the novel from the didactic viewpoint should deal with the most spacious and most fruitful tract of life, with the deepest problems of man's destiny, and it becomes patent that unmarried girls are disqualified for heroines, and that the married woman only can perform the central rôle. This is so plain that to the lips of many a woman in the flower of her beauty, experience, and intellect, as she marks a maiden of eighteen trip lightly through the foreground of the conventional story, must rise the wistful words of Guenevere:

> "Oh, closed about with narrowing nunnery walls,
> What canst thou know of the world, and all its lights
> And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?"

II.

So far as the artist is concerned, he has never needed any counsel from the social philosopher touching his duty in the pre-

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mises. He has always known where his true field lay, though he has not always been allowed by current preconception to explore it. It is quite needless to point out that the French novelist has never encountered conventional restrictions, but has been left at liberty to study human nature in all its aspects. To pause to demonstrate this would be, indeed, to preach to the converted. It may be well, however, to remark, because it is sometimes overlooked, that, if the married woman dominates French fiction, this is from a deliberate conviction that the realm belongs to her, and not from any incapacity on the author's part to delineate the winning, but scarcely enthralling, simplicity of maidenhood. George Sand, in the third and tranquil stage of her creative activity, could produce a series of inimitable pastorals and idyls; and Balzac could pass from the study of a face as haunting and elusive as that of "La Femme de Trente Ans," or of personalities so complex as those of Mme. de Langeais, Mme. de Sérizy, and Diane de Maufrigneuse to the faithful portrayal of the untroubled, artless features of "Eugénie Grandet."

Octave Feuillet also showed a power of depicting with nice appreciation the young unmarried girl, and it was simply for artistic reasons that he touched the theme but seldom, and then assigned to it a smaller canvas than that which he allotted to his woman of the world. It was by those stories that began instead of ending with a wedding, by, for instance, "La Petite Comtesse" and "Camors," that Feuillet desired to be remembered. Tolstoï, also, can draw virgin innocence with extraordinary softness and tenderness of touch; yet it is rather on a face that speaks of struggle and of anguish that his camera is focussed in "Anna Karénina," by far the greatest of his works. It is as if the Russian had proclaimed in that novel what in old age he was to disavow, but which no lapse of years or loss of sight could interdict Milton from asserting in the greatest of epics, that it was not possible for Adam to love Eve truly until she had eaten of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and that, once awakened to that passion, he could bear with resignation even banishment from Eden.

The English novel has had a curious history. It had a double origin in the Tartuffism of Richardson and the truth-telling of Fielding; or, as some might prefer to say, the idealism of "Pamela" and the realism of "Tom Jones." Owing to a con-

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flux of reasons which it might take long to define, but which for the most part have their roots in the Anglo-Saxon character, Richardson conquered, and until quite recently it seemed that his conquest was unshakable. The two streams of artistic purpose soon ceased to run separate; the one speedily submerged and, to all appearances, annihilated the other. That did not happen to Fielding's conception of the novel which is fabled to have befallen Arethusa, who could send her own shaft of fresh lymph unmingled and inviolate through the waves of the salt sea. Extinction, not effacement, seemed the doom of the English realist. "No man," cried Thackeray, with a quick gesture of impatience and the ring of anger in his voice, "—no Englishman since Fielding has dared to depict life as it is."

It was natural that Thackeray should chafe and smart under the gyves, for he was far too true an artist to do what smaller men have often had recourse to—seek to evade too stifling and dwarfing conditions by bestowing upon maidenhood ideas and emotions which, as a rule, it cannot know. On the contrary, having to draw a carefully brought-up young girl, he made her what every man who has had a daughter, or a sister, knows her in truth to be; he drew Amelia Sedley. Clever women scoff at poor Amelia, and tax Thackeray with a covert insult in making a child the heroine of a resplendent novel. Their indignation, however, is directed at the wrong object. Thackeray took the English novel as the public and the publishers had cramped it, and made the best of it. He could not be expected in his poverty, with a lot of weaker creatures dependent on him, to attempt a literary revolution. But he never pretended that Amelia was a type of womanhood. He averred simply that she was a type of guileless, unruffled virginity; and in saying that he told the truth.

Other English novelists have shown a far less sensitive and unswerving literary conscience. We refer not merely to the feebler hands, but to some of the greatest masters. They have cheated the public, which they dared not confront. They have striven to slip out of the fetters, which they dared not boldly rend asunder. Scott himself, aye, and George Eliot, have been culprits in this kind. They have over and over again produced a full-grown woman on their canvas, but, to lull the reader's prejudice, they have labelled her "young girl." False art, involving fatal weak-

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ness, in spite of its strange seductiveness! The most enthralling figures in Scott's gallery are at best adorable monstrosities; they could not exist in nature. Look, for instance, at the three women who approach most closely the modern conception of a lady, and who, at the same time, are endowed with peculiar vigor and puissance. We refer, of course, to Flora Mac Ivor, Diana Vernon, and that lovely daughter of sorrow in "Redgauntlet." Who but the most credulous of readers believes that these women were really of the age which their creator has chosen to ascribe to them? He says they were twenty. We deny it. We say they were thirty at the least. We demand the production of the parish register, or, failing that most cogent testimony, a sight of the family Bible. We must have evidence more relevant and more conclusive than a dictum which defies verisimilitude.

What is true of those antedated heroines is also true of Romola. She is far too deeply versed in life's philosophy for the years her author has assigned to her. It is plain that she had really lived as long and had seen as much as Dante's Beatrice or Petrarch's Laura, both of whom, it may behoove us to remember, were married. It is noteworthy, however, that George Eliot was alive to the mendacity, the viciousness of her art in this particular. She strove to guard against a repetition of the fault. It is remarkable in "Middlemarch" how little she suffers us to see of the depths of Dorothea's nature till she is mismated with Casaubon. In "Daniel Deronda" the novelist makes even a more deliberate and bolder advance, for Gwendolen is but an outline up to the hour when marriage brings her face to face with the grim, and in her case hideous, realities of life. Had she lived to write another novel, we doubt not that the genius of George Eliot would have burst the bonds with which a century of usage, prescription, and prejudice had tied and choked the English novelist. But the artistic revolution which she foresaw and powerfully furthered is on the eve of full accomplishment. It is in the air and on the page. The English novel is about to enter upon its inheritance. As we write, the latest story of George Meredith, "One of Our Conquerors," is lighting up the sheets of *The Fortnightly*. It foreshadows the advent of an era. In this novel it is not the maiden, fluttering inquisitive, expectant, at life's half-open door, but the woman who has lived and suffered, that starts forth beneath the strongest strokes of the vivifying

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brush. It is not the daughter, but the mother, *filiâ pulchrâ mater pulchrior*, that rivets eyes and chains the heart.

III.

We suppose that in England the new novels which shall deal more frankly and fruitfully with life, will continue to be mainly penned by men. There will not for many generations be any lack in that country of men not only well born and well nurtured, but also well educated, cultured in a large and elevated sense, and possessed often of a real, as well as surface, refinement. Incessantly recruited will be the sad corps of the ineligible, clerks in the higher government offices, briefless barristers, that know society, yet are perfectly alive to the conditions on which society accepts them. They understand the habits and conventions; they are masters of the shorthand, the signals, the shibboleths of what they who know it call distinctively the "world." They are quiveringly sensitive to the half-tints and semi-tones that make up the exquisite product of a high civilization whom men that most economize the word are willing to pronounce a lady, and who is marked off by a thousand complex and subtile variations from the common type of humbler, hardier, less haunting, femininity. Of such men there will be so many that a few can always be relied upon to evince unusual talent; and these, it seems clear, will unite most of the qualifications needed for the production of a veracious, interpretative, artistic novel. They will, in other words, be fitted in all particulars, save one, to play the acolyte when the married woman finally shall take full possession of prose fiction. There is but a single point of view—the moral—from which they may fall short.

We do not think a Saxon hand would ever dabble in the foul corruption which seems to be the native element of certain Parisians, who try to veil their degradation under *fin-de-siècle* euphuisms. No Englishman will ever herd with the bestial drove that wallows in sloughs and pools that even Zola loathed while he inspected them. Such creatures reach only their own species. Their venom cannot taint the tissues of beings of a higher type. But there may be found in London society men who would do the fell work which such inimitable masters of seductive speech as Gautier and Maupassant have done in their most evil hours. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the worst novel written in English in this

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century was published by Mr. W. H. Mallock, an unquestionable adept in the graces and suggestiveness of style. The crime which such men commit is the suppression of the iron law embedded in the human heart long before it took vindictive shape in the codes of society—the law that imposes on wrong-doing woe and punishment, even in this life. Such men not only paint temptation, which is lawful and may be helpful, but they show it succumbed to with defiance and impunity. They portray the evil-doer, but omit to delineate the scourge. They make vice doubly infectious, not only by dissembling its deformity, but by hiding its doom. That is why their dainty, deadly compositions,

> "Like to a new disease, unknown to men,
> Creep, no precaution used, among the crowd."

IV.

It is a deeply interesting and admirable fact that the perpetration of such disintegrating and intolerable offences seems to be impossible for women. Even by the glowing novels of George Sand no man and no woman was ever corrupted. If we had time to scrutinize this remarkable phenomenon from physiological and psychological view-points, we could probably trace it to the instinct of modesty and purity which nature, contemplating the welfare of the species only, has ineradicably planted in the conservative sex. However that may be, the fact remains, and it offers a good augury for the cleanness, wholesomeness, and sanity of American prose fiction when it shall undertake that larger and profounder treatment of life which is undoubtedly impending. For we take for granted that in this country, as in England, the novel, the typical prose epic, will deal with society in a strictly conventional meaning of the term. There alone are to be found romantic, poetic, enchanting human beings. There alone is there sufficient leisure for the evolution of exquisite tastes, of evanescent and aërial, yet captivating, impulses, of feelings not the less profound and overmastering because they have been clarified and thrice distilled. No wonder that one conscious of penetrating insight and of the right artist's touch should be wooed to the study of elusive themes like these.

We would not, indeed, question for a moment that the primal passions, the joys and woes inseparable from the troubled lot of

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man, challenge recognition and portrayal in every social stratum, up and down the whole gamut of existence, wherever man must work and woman weep. We are aware that goodness knows no longitude, and that among the very poor there is no lack of noble lives to honor and to chronicle. Men were told in India long centuries before the Sermon on the Mount that the needy and the struggling shall inherit the kingdom. To which the painter and the poet have in all ages answered, "Aye, the poor are the salt of the earth, yet in salt there is but little delicacy and variety of flavor." In what at every epoch shall pass for society the artist will inevitably seek and find metal more attractive.

But who, then, in America is to write the novel of society? The men who in this country write for a subsistence—and they seem to be the only men who can write well—have no time, even if they wished, to study it. As for the men who see most of it, we have not the slightest desire to undervalue them. They are able, apparently, to accomplish many things, from hunting elephants to administering railways. But, somehow, they do not write novels. It may be that they scarcely appreciate their opportunities. Whatever may be the cause of this unexpected phenomenon, the inference is that, if the women of American society are to be worthily portrayed at all, they will have to do it themselves. There is only advantage to be looked for on the part of art and of morality if they shall essay the task. We shall have novels more incisive and heart-searching than they have in England, and at the same time more healthful and more beautiful, when to the self-watchfulness of feminine training and a woman's instinctive horror of grossness and deformity shall be joined a talent adequate to the technically-skilful and vigorous fulfilment of the aim. Then we shall have a realism, indeed—not otherwise could one elicit the philosophy latent in example. But it will be the realism of the changeful face of earth, bathed with a wistful, soft, and tearful atmosphere, over which the stars are shining.

V.

It is satisfactory to know that the forecast of the uses to which feminine insight and feminine felicity of touch may put the novel, considered as a transcript and interpreter of American society, is no longer a mere dream. The fulfilment of the proph-

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ecy has already begun. We have not solely, but particularly, in mind a series of novels—"A Diplomat's Diary," "A Successful Man," and "Mlle. Reséda"—which have recently appeared, and which from the outset have commanded and deserved unusual attention. The writer—Julien Gordon—is now generally understood to be a woman, and, indeed, from the outset the internal evidence of the author's sex was pervasive and conclusive. A glance at some of these naïve, unconscious indications will lead us naturally to consider the artistic and ethical quality of these striking compositions. We say, then, that the texture, color, and, above all, spirit of these stories bear witness not only to the play of a woman's hand, but to touches of a femininity exceptionally refined and delicate. For these, among many reasons: In the first and lowest place, the references to women's clothes are such as never are encountered in a masculine novel. They are not frequent, and they are casual, but they are pointed. We are not competent to affirm their exactitude, but we can testify to their verisimilitude. Whatever be, for instance, the accuracy of an allusion to a certain type of corset, we are at least qualified to say that of its profound gravity a man would be incapable. That is why men are so apt to fail when they try to depict a lady as distinguished from the elemental woman. They cannot bring themselves to recognize the superlative, the solemn, importance of clothes. They cannot be made to see that what they mistake for a dressing-room a lady knows to be an arsenal, and that to her unerring eye her garb is as supreme and vital as was his armor to the warrior or canvas to a sailing ship.

Then there are certain confidential chats between married women—there is one in the "Successful Man," and another in "Mlle. Reséda." Now, had Thackeray transcribed these, though he would have done it with an affectation of demureness, we should have seen incessantly the face of that sly satyr peeping through the leaves. Even George Meredith, who really is on his knees to women, and always sets them above men, could not, we think, have elided from these earnest feminine discourses a note of chastened irony. But in Julien Gordon's books the women always take themselves seriously. They are perfectly justified in doing so. They are, in fact, the only members of the human race that nature troubles herself to take seriously, or concerns herself much about.

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There is another interesting and significant accent—it does not recur often enough to be termed a feature—of these stories. Once in a great while one comes on a bit of description which, if detached from the context, divorced from the controlling purpose and final outcome of the tale, and held up to prejudiced or perverting inspection, might bear the epithet of fervid. Upon us, however, such inadvertent openness of speech makes an impression analogous to that produced by the embarrassing questions of a guileless child. For who does not know with what wariness the slightest exposure of ardor in his style would be repressed by an accomplished man of the world, like Maupassant or like Mallock, who should deliberately address himself to the production of a harmful book. Experience would have taught him precisely what precautions hypocrisy prescribes. He would keep his eye unswervingly on the malign end in view, and he would never let his diction utter the faintest note of warning. While George Sand was preaching by example, as well as precept, doctrines entirely subversive of the social structure, her style was as cool and colorless as the current of a mountain brook. When one considers these things, and then notices in Julien Gordon the occasional heedlessness of a mind that thinks no evil, one can scarcely help exclaiming with peculiar energy, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

The animating and abiding influence of these stories is what we said above it would be should the coming novels be written by ladies, in the definite and narrow meaning of the word. We envy no man and no woman who does not feel that the influence of the books which we have named proceeds from a sound heart and makes for goodness. Of the three tales thus far published by Julien Gordon, two are dramas and one is a tragedy, and in each of them the author instinctively conforms to Aristotle's dictum. By the spectacle of suffering inexorably dogging the heels of divagation the passions are purged and not inflamed, and the conscience is invigorated instead of being narcotized. The first tale, "A Diplomat's Diary," records the triumph of a sense of duty almost too acutely vibratory over a strong and honest love. There really was no reason which most men would consider adequate why the heroine, a young widow, should not have married the man whom she loved; indeed, had she consulted Goethe, he would have

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ordered her to do so. But who shall say that this earth would not be better than it is if there were more examples of unwavering fidelity to a word once plighted, and of infinite compassion for the heart-break which would follow a fiancée's perfidy!

In the second story, "A Successful Man," retribution seems at first sight to be administered by a hand less unerring and implacable. The plaything of an hour's caprice of a married woman seems in due time to be felled as ruthlessly as an ox in the shambles. On the other hand, the curtain is rung down before she who has wrought the mischief learns the dread end of a flirtation begun to give some purpose and direction to the listless drifting of a heart unoccupied. Upon second thought, however, one perceives that one has no right to infer from the author's abrupt reticence the absence of a self-reproachful agony and of a life-long contrition on the part of the heroine. As regards, indeed, this aspect of the treatment, this story perhaps should be regarded as an unconscious counterpart of De Musset's tragic idyl, "*On ne badine pas avec l'amour.*" In the one case as in the other the materials of sorrow and repentance have been heaped before the eye of the onlooker; the pyre, so to speak, is ready; and it is superfluous to paint the inevitable suffering. It will be remembered, also, that he who depicted the sacrifice of Iphigenia had exhausted his capacity of delineating grief on the faces of the bystanders, and, when he came to Agamemnon, drew him with countenance averted.

In "Mlle. Reséda" the indulgence of a vagrant impulse bears with it its own ample and relentless chastisement. A man would have been sorely tempted to give a less wholesome and exemplary turn to this pathetic story. We could point to no more cogent proof of the fundamental uprightness distinctive of this author than the humiliation and the misery which the heroine of this tale undergoes in requital of a single failure to curb an excited fancy. Truly, in the pages of Julien Gordon the way of the transgressor even in thought is hard. Of transgression in act there is no vestige.

One dwells upon the ethical tendency of these stories, both because it exemplifies the effect to be expected from a lady's treatment of the novel, and because the intellectual gifts of this particular author would make her a powerful auxiliary in whatever camp she entered. There are few weapons in the literary armory

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of which she is not mistress. It is a mind richly furnished, as well as instinct with rare vigor, which we encounter in Julien Gordon's pages. Yet there is not a trace of pedantry, affectation, or display of knowledge. We rather guess than see the scope and the solidity of the author's equipment. Only now and then, in a phrase, a suggestion, a reminiscence, do we get glimpses of the garnered and winnowed residuum of long study and close thought.

In a word, Julien Gordon writes like a lady, and not like a woman of learning. But while the volume and variety of her knowledge are veiled from us, we are continually impressed with her breadth of view and her nicety of judgment, and we are sometimes startled by the depth of her intuitions. With these substantial aptitudes for the grave function of the novelist go extraordinary lightness of touch and fluidity of style. Not Goldsmith himself ever produced more completely the effect of unpremeditation—of writing, in other words, as children talk and the birds sing. We should add that this author shows a truly delightful instinct for the historical significance, the color and the melody of words. No expert would venture to recast one of her sentences lest a subtile aroma should escape. On the whole, if it would be hasty to ascribe to her first compositions the steady radiance of genius, we must concede that the flashes of it are frequent and unmistakable.

It is, however, only in the style that one perceives a delightful absence of premeditation. It is only the form, the garb, of the idea which is donned with a swift, careless, wild, unconscious grace. Such easy writing masks hard thinking. If we look beneath the dainty surface at the inner substance of these stories, we discern tokens of patient, sustained, strenuous thought. What may be termed the composition of this writer's pictures is plainly the outcome of anxious study and fruitful concentration. Their plan for the most part is admirable. What one expects to find in their construction is traces of the novice, of the untrained 'prentice-hand. What, in fact, we encounter is the eye and the touch of the master workman.

If the stories hitherto brought out by Julien Gordon may be accepted as pledges of even riper and more helpful work to come, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that in this country, at all events, the married woman is to be the author as well as the subject of prose fiction.

MAYO WILLIAMSON HAZELTINE.

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THE WEST AND THE RAILROADS.

BY SIDNEY DILLON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE growth of the United States west of the Alleghanies during the past fifty years is due not so much to free institutions, or climate, or the fertility of the soil, as to railways. If the institutions and climate and soil had not been favorable to the development of commonwealths, railways would not have been constructed; but if railways had not been invented, the freedom and natural advantages of our Western States would have beckoned to human immigration and industry in vain. Civilization would have crept slowly on, in a toilsome march over the immense spaces that lie between the Appalachian ranges and the Pacific Ocean; and what we now style the Great West would be, except in the valley of the Mississippi, an unknown and unproductive wilderness.

Like many other great truths, this is so well known to the elder portions of our commonwealth that they have forgotten it; and the younger portions do not comprehend or appreciate it. Men are so constituted that they use existing advantages as if they had always existed and were matters of course. The world went without friction matches during uncounted thousands of years, but people light fires to-day without a thought as to the marvellous chemistry of the little instrument that is of such inestimable value and yet remained so long unknown. The youngster of to-day steps into a luxurious coach at New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago, eats, sleeps, surveys romantic scenery from the window, during a few days, and alights in Portland or San Francisco without any just appreciation of the fact that a few decades since it would have required weeks of toilsome travel to go over the same ground, during which he would have run the risks of starvation, of being lost

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in the wilderness, plundered by robbers, or killed by savages. But increased facilities of travel are among the smaller benefits conferred by the railway. The most beneficent function of the railway is that of a carrier of freight. What would it cost for a man to carry a ton of wheat one mile? What would it cost for a horse to do the same? The railway does it at a cost of less than a cent. This brings Dakota and Minnesota into direct relation with hungry and opulent Liverpool, and makes subsistence easier and cheaper throughout the civilized world. The world should therefore thank the railway for the opportunity to buy wheat; but none the less should the West thank the railway for the opportunity to sell wheat.

No fact among all the great politico-economical facts that have illustrated the world's history since history began to be written is so full of human interest or deals with such masses of mankind as the growth of the interior United States since the railway opened to the seaboard these immense solitudes. The irruption of the northern tribes upon the Roman Empire bears no proportion to it, and was destructive in its results; and we may say the same as to the Napoleonic wars. These are among the most celebrated events of commonwealths on our planet beginning and ending in bloodshed and enormous waste of capital. But within fifty years over thirty millions of people have been transplanted to or produced upon vast regions of hitherto uninhabited and comparatively unknown territory, where they are now living in comfort and affluence and enjoying a degree of civilization second to none in the world, and greatly superior to any that is known in Europe outside of the capitals. And this could not have happened had it not been for the railway.

Through the same agency we have also reclaimed from nature immense tracts of land, that were worthless except as to their possibilities, which once seemed too vague and remote to be considered, and are to-day valuable. To mention one instance: there can now be seen in New York city samples of potatoes weighing over six pounds each, of heads of wheat representing a yield of sixty bushels to the acre, and of ears of Indian corn as large and full as any ever grown on the best lands of Virginia, that were produced on land near Boisé City, Idaho, where formerly nothing grew except sage-brush, and which was a part of an alkali desert. Railways have virtually changed the character of the soil, not in any

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miraculous manner, but by encouraging legitimate methods of civilization and irrigation; and they have also changed the climate. The farmer plants trees, and these trees check the bitter north winds, and also cause an increased rainfall; he turns up the ground which formerly offered to the sky nothing but one uniform, smooth, and iron-hard surface, and these vast extents of ploughed land not only create a rainfall by their evaporation, but invite rains by their contrasts of temperature. Whether this is a correct explanation of a fact is little to the purpose: the fact remains. Since the railway opened the great central and western plateaus to cultivation, the climate has become milder, the cold less destructive, and the rainfall greater. Large areas that were considered uninhabitable are now inhabited by a rapidly increasing population, and opulent cities, where capital becomes concentrated and productive, are met with nearly as numerously as in the East.

But although these benefits arising from railway construction are so obvious, no one asserts that railways have been laid from philanthropic motives; and therefore, since among the promoters, contractors, and capitalists who have done the work we find men who have acquired large fortunes, western railroad construction and management in general have been bitterly and frequently attacked by the press, and have been and now are the subject of much hostile legislation. Grave charges are made; as, for instance, that the roads have in numerous instances been fraudulently over-capitalized and excessively loaded with bonded debt; that they monopolize traffic; that they charge unjust rates of freight in order to pay dividends on fictitious values of stock; that they favor one class of shippers at the expense of another class; that they permit the accumulation of unreasonably large fortunes, and, to use a favorite phrase of demagogic orators, constantly "tend to make the rich richer and the poor poorer."

Legislation has been called in to give force to the theories involved in these declamations, particularly in the States west of the Mississippi, which happen to be the communities that owe their birth, existence, and prosperity to these very railways. Statutory enactments interfere with the business of the railway, even to the minutest details, and always to its detriment. This sort of legislation proceeds on the theory that the railroad is a public enemy; that it has its origin in the selfish desire of a company of men to make money out of the public; that it will destroy the public un-

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less it is kept within bounds; and that it is impossible to enact too many laws tending to restrain the monster. The advocates of these statutes may not state their theory in these exact words; but these words certainly embody their theory, if they have any theory at all beyond such prejudices as are born of the marriage between ignorance and demagogism.

Many of the grievances that are urged against railways are too puerile to be seriously noticed, but the reader will pardon a few words as to "over-capitalization." Capital is in itself an unknown quantity, and its value depends wholly upon its productive uses, which are distinguished from its productive powers in this—that the powers may or may not be exercised, while the uses yield certain profitable results. The gold that is now locked up by nature in the western mountains is not yet capital, because, although we know it is there, we do not know how much it will cost to reduce it to possession. The gold coin that lies in the vaults of our banks is capital, but a large part of it is held as reserve, and, except as it tends to sustain public confidence, it has no direct productive uses whatever, and, except as to confidence-sustaining quality, has no more earning value than a pile of gravel.

Now, a railway is simply a manifestation of capital put to work; of human industry in its highest development applied to earning wages: it is a thousand men condensed into one, and this one doing the work of a thousand; since if a thousand men stand in a straight line five feet apart, they will transfer a ton of wheat in sacks from one end of the line to the other in just the time that a freight car will carry the same ton one mile. Now, it is impossible to estimate in advance the productive power of this useful and untiring servant. Sometimes a railway is capitalized too largely, and then it pays smaller dividends; sometimes not largely enough, and then the dividends are much in excess of the usual interest of money. In the former case stockholders are willing to reduce the face of their shares, or wait until increase of population increases revenue; in the latter they accept an enlarged issue. But, as a matter of reason and principle, the question of capitalization concerns the stockholders, and the stockholders only. A citizen, simply as a citizen, commits an impertinence when he questions the right of any corporation to capitalize its properties at any sum whatever.

Unquestionably, the citizen, if his farm is in the direction of a

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projected railway, is liable to be compelled to make a sale to the company of a strip of his land; but a competent jury assesses the value, and such valuators rarely favor the company. The citizen's farm is then worth more than it was, and he can send his produce to market at a cheaper rate. But all this does not make it his business to question the right of the company to bond its road at any given sum per mile, or to issue stock thereafter to any given amount. Such transactions are wholly matters of private contract; and under the common law, and the laws of nature that govern all possible events, they regulate themselves.

All civilized communities in which self-government is recognized are perpetually trying to regulate matters of private contract by statute, and are perpetually failing to do so. It is a proverb in Great Britain and the United States that the chief wisdom of legislatures is shown in repealing the statutes enacted by previous legislatures. England is great to-day, not by virtue of what Parliament has enacted, but by virtue of the intelligence and industry of her people working under natural conditions restored to usefulness by virtue of the repeal of acts of Parliament. Our citizen whose fields have been crossed by the railroad, and whose right of way over the turnpike is occasionally interrupted by the locomotive, may fancy that it is for the interest of himself and his neighbors to induce the legislature to regulate the prices of fares and freights on the railway, but he ignores the great laws that overrule all such enactments.

Such enactments are useless as to the rights and liabilities of railway corporations, because the common law has long since established these as pertaining to common carriers, and the courts are open to redress all real grievances of the citizen. Then as to prices, these will always be taken care of by the great law of competition, which obtains wherever any human service is to be performed for a pecuniary consideration. That any railway, anywhere in a republic, should be a monopoly is not a supposable case. If between two points, A and B, a railway is constructed, and its charges for fares and freight are burdensome to the public and unduly profitable to itself, it will not be a long time before another railway will be laid between these points, and then competition may be safely trusted to reduce prices. We may state it as an axiom that no common carrier can ever maintain burdensome and oppressive rates of service permanently or

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for a long period. Rates may seem burdensome, but may not be oppressive. A road may be enormously expensive to build; its grades may demand excessive expenditure of fuel and be wearing to the rolling stock: such a road obviously cannot carry freight and passengers as cheaply as some other road that is laid over a plain. But if these difficulties exist between A and B, their citizens must be content to compensate the people who open the communications which are needed, and who were bold enough to risk a great capital in doing so: they should not seek to cripple their operations by procuring hostile legislative enactments.

Calculations based upon the law of competition have this advantage over those based upon the enactment of statutes: that the foundations on which they rest are immutable, and not only so in their own right, but they cannot be changed by any process whatever. Statutes can be overridden and evaded while they exist on the books, and be repealed by the same authority that created them; courts can construe them so rigorously that their vitality shall be squeezed out of them; but no power can prevent one man or set of men from offering to perform a lawful service at lower rates than another. The operation of this great law is visible everywhere, and needs no interpreter. People who have money to lend compete with each other in lending on the best class of securities at much less than lawful interest in all the great money markets. On such securities borrowers do not need the protection of usury statutes; and on the great mass of insecurities that swarm in the same markets the competition of borrowers induces the offering of much more than legal interest, and the usury statutes are of no benefit. The laws of human action based on the mental constitution and reason of men forever bid defiance to statutes.

As one result of competition, we may instance the freight charged upon wheat from Chicago to New York by all-rail in 1868 and in 1890. In 1868 it was $42\frac{6}{10}$ cents per bushel; in 1890 $14\frac{81}{100}$ cents. This illustrates the beneficent effect of competition between rival lines both to producers and consumers; but the benefit does not stop here. This competition brought down the charges by all-water (lake and canal) from $22\frac{79}{100}$ cents in 1868 to $5\frac{85}{100}$ cents in 1890. It will not answer to argue that the water rates have reduced the rail rates. Shippers prefer rail transportation; grain arrives in better condition, in shorter time, with smaller insurance rates; bills of lading are much more negotiable,

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and interest charges are lessened. The greater controls the less; the superior makes the standard for the inferior; and when in twenty-two years the railway reduces its freight charges 66 per cent., the propeller and canal-boat are compelled to reduce their charges 75 per cent. For this reduction the shippers by water may thank the railroads, even if they do not use them.

Similar reductions have taken place in rates from remote western points to Chicago and St. Louis, although in this case there was no rivalry with water except as to the narrow grain production tending eastward by way of Lake Superior. The rivers emptying into the Missouri and Mississippi from the west may be, as a whole, classed as unnavigable; hence the grain production of the Dakotas, Nebraska, and other Western States must be moved by the railroads. And this necessity has been the parent of so many railroads that competition has brought rates down to a point where profit to the carrier has almost disappeared. Where rival companies are underbidding each other for business, no acts of a legislature are necessary to prevent them from putting up rates. Reason and facts both clearly lead to this conclusion.

There is a great deal of declamation by a part of the press as to railway combination and monopoly and their injurious results to the people; but we venture to state that "combinations" that do not combine, and "monopolies" whose constant tendency during a long series of years has been to bring producers and consumers into closer relations with each other and lessen the costs of living to both, deserve praise and support rather than censure and adverse legislation. And if there does, indeed, exist between the railroad-owners and the public a strife between capital and labor, as we are informed by so many people who profess to be able to cure the disease of poverty if we will only give them all the property of the nation to start with, it certainly looks as if capital was getting the worse of the battle.

It is not a long time since the bondholders and shareholders of American railways were, as a rule, receiving as interest or dividends from 7 to 8 per cent. per annum. These usufructs have almost universally dwindled to 5 and 4 per cent. Coincident with this fact there is a diminution of the market value of shares; all of which is to the disadvantage of capital. Wages have not shrunk in anything like this ratio; and since the necessaries of life are all cheaper than they were when

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bondholders were drawing 7 per cent. interest, we may safely say that the purchasing power of wages in the generality of occupations that are compensated in wages is as great as ever. And if a laborer wishes to capitalize, he can buy as much railroad stock now with the earnings of a hundred days as he ever could. In fact, if it were pertinent to the subject, we think we could show that he could buy more. But we only care to establish the proposition that railways are not oppressive engines of capital, and are not the enemies of labor; but that they are, in sober truth, the best friends to-day of the American people, and that they are in a large degree the means and the evidence of the unexampled prosperity of the United States.

Some of your readers may think that we have given too much space to the discussion of legislative enactments touching railways, and especially the railways of the Western States; but we feel that the importance of the subject might well employ longer time and better argument than we are able to furnish. One of the greatest dangers to the community in a republic is this: that it is in the power of reckless, or misguided, or designing men to procure the passage of statutes that are ostensibly for the public interest, and that may lead to enormous injuries. Let us imagine for a moment that all the railways in the United States were at once annihilated. Such a catastrophe is not, in itself, inconceivable; the imagination *can* grasp it; but no imagination can picture the infinite sufferings that would at once result to every man, woman, and child in the entire country. Now, every step taken to impede or cripple the business and progress of our railways is a step towards just such a catastrophe, and therefore of a destructive tendency.

We do not arrogate superior wisdom or intelligence to ourselves when we suggest to the people of the United States, and especially of that portion of the country where railways have been the subject of what we consider to be excessive legislation, that the rational mode of treating any form of human industry that has for its object the performance of desired and lawful services is to let it alone, and that the railway is no exception to this principle. The best government is that which governs least, not because the best government is that which overlooks trespasses, but because in a community where there were no trespassers a government of correction or restraint would not be needed.

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Given a company of men pursuing a lawful and useful occupation,—why interfere with them? Why empower a body of other men, fortuitously assembled, not possessing superior knowledge, and accessible often to unworthy influences, to dictate to these citizens how they shall manage their private affairs? Wherever such management conflicts with public policy or private rights, there are district attorneys and competent lawyers and upright courts to take care that the commonwealth or the citizen shall receive no detriment. Even as to such matters of public interest as the crossing of highways and the management of trains through large cities, if we were obliged to choose between excessive and meddlesome legislation and no legislation at all, the latter would be preferable. If a company neglects to slow up its trains at a turnpike crossing or to sound proper alarms, let juries inflict the penalty in commensurate and exemplary damages. Greater care would then be exercised than under existing statutes; and because a statute is always a double-edged sword, it is as easy to plead compliance as evasion; and if the statute sets six miles an hour as the limit at a crossing, the sworn testimony of the expert engineer that he was within the statute is more valid than that of the inexpert bystander or passenger which avers the contrary. But where under the common law the company is *primâ facie* guilty of trespass, it must make out a very clear case of contributory negligence to escape the penalty.

We must not forget that the great majority of the railways in the United States are the creation of private enterprise and capital, and that the people in their collective capacity have not been taxed in order to construct them. The exceptions are certain corporations whose work has done more to open the vast territory between the Pacific and the Mississippi to civilization and the uses of the nation than any other agency. Land has been given to these railways, and in a few instances the credit of the government has been lent. The land was at the time almost worthless, and but for these railways would have remained so during a long period; the credit, although not yet, will undoubtedly be repaid, and meanwhile the government has a lien upon the property.

In regard to one of these companies—perhaps the one that has been the subject of more misrepresentation and abuse than any other—we may be pardoned for quoting a few words by the Hon.

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Jesse Spalding, himself a government official, written in 1889, in his report to the United States Secretary of the Interior.

"I found people in Nebraska who are possessed with the idea that the Union Pacific was constructed for, and should be operated mainly in deference to, the wishes of that section, and who actually believed that their State should be consulted by the managers before any improvements were made, innovations prosecuted, or extensions pushed forward. In the minds of such people the question whether the road had done more for the State than the State had done for the road never seemed to arise. But those who take an unreasoning and, to my mind, a most unjust view of the conduct of the Union Pacific are exceptions to the rule. Among the most advanced thinkers of Nebraska a different feeling exists and different opinions prevail. They point out with just and pardonable pride the wonderful strides which the young State has made since the Union Pacific Railway was constructed. They call your attention to the beautiful, bustling, and wealthy city of Omaha, with its 130,000 inhabitants;* to the handsome and progressive State capital, Lincoln, with its 60,000; to Grand Island, with its 15,000; to Beatrice, with its 12,000; to Frémont, with its 10,000; to Hastings, with its 13,000, and to a hundred thriving towns and cities along the lines of the main stem and its branches, the growth of all of which is directly due to the facilities for the receipt, distribution, and shipmen of commodities and manufactures afforded by the Union Pacific system."

And again, as a closing voucher for our assertion that the West is under enormous obligations to railways, from the same report.

"The growth of the whole country from the Missouri River to the Rockies is surprising. One sees nothing but signs of life and evidences of progress on all sides. The smallest hamlets are imbued with the same spirit that characterizes the larger towns and cities. The people are everywhere enterprising, energetic, and industrious. Improvements, innovations, and inventions that the East has not yet had time to adopt, to make, or to utilize, are to be found in full operation in these new communities. Small towns in the far West have a better system of street railways and street illumination than the great cities of the East. Street-cars drawn by horses, in the minds of Western people, belong to the remote past. It is a slow town, indeed, that has not got its cable or electric railway, or that depends upon gas as a street illuminator. While there has been an unhealthy inflation in the price of real estate in many of those towns, my observation was that most of them had passed safely through the dangerous speculative period of their existence, and are now growing steadily and solidly. But few of the towns which have attracted attention by reason of their sudden, rapid, or mushroom growth during the past twenty years have disappointed those who cast their lots with them. They are nearly all well situated, and, in my opinion, are destined to continue growing in population and wealth for many years to come. Manufactories of all kinds are everywhere welcomed and encouraged, morally and substantially; mining in some sections is only yet in its infancy; industries of all kinds find a constantly growing market; the agricultural districts are expanding month by month; there is nothing, apparently, to check the tide of prosperity."

SIDNEY DILLON.

* Now 160,000.

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MEN OF THE SALISBURY PARLIAMENT.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

THE premier man in the Parliament which, under curious, though not unprecedented, circumstances, brought Lord Salisbury into power in 1886 is, happily, the Prime Minister. Since Lord Beaconsfield died the Marquis of Salisbury has had no compeer, much less a rival, in the Conservative ranks. It is doubtful whether, for force of character and sheer ability, he was overtopped by his old enemy and later ally. But that is a nice question which future historians, having the supreme advantage of perspective view, may be left to decide. It is enough for the present Parliament to reflect with satisfaction that the Premier of to-day holds his position not alone by title.

In very recent times both houses have known the inconvenience that pertains to the situation when we have had at the head of affairs men placed there rather as a matter of convenience than in submission to personal preëminence. The Lords had for awhile their Duke of Richmond and the Commons their Stafford Northcote, both amiable and, in degree, capable men, but neither a born leader. To Lord Salisbury's preëminence every one gladly pays homage, not the least readily his opponents, for there is nothing more embarrassing in political warfare than that the captain of the opposing host should be other than a man who is not only capable of conceiving a definite line of action, but strong enough to lead his united forces along it.

Lord Salisbury's misfortune in finally coming into a peerage was tempered by his experiences before, by unforeseen chance, he became heir-apparent to the marquisate. If he had been born eldest son, he would have lost distinct advantages by which he has long profited. A younger son, with no reasonable hope of reversion of the title, and, if report be true, not too richly endowed with pocket-money, he at the outset was faced by the necessity

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of carving out his own career. It is no secret that at one time he was a working member of the daily press for which he is now accustomed to spare some flashes of his illimitable scorn. Like another keen fighting man, now disguised under the title of Lord Sherbrooke, he wrote articles for the papers, and was glad of the concomitant remuneration. He entered the House of Commons a comparative youth, and even as Lord Robert Cecil made his mark. When he became Lord Cranborne, he, of course, spoke with the added weight of the heir to an historic marquisate. But I have heard old *habitués* of the House of Commons say that for freshness and barb the irresponsible Lord Robert Cecil beat the graver Viscount Cranbourne.

Whether fighting under one name or the other, his pet aversion was Mr. Disraeli, then pushing his way into recognized position in the Tory ranks, under the patronage of the late Lord Derby. The young man hated Mr. Gladstone with the bitter feeling with which a Tory of long lineage regards a champion of the masses; he despised Mr. Disraeli with the lofty scorn of a patrician for an adventurer. When from his seat in the House of Commons he used to assail Mr. Disraeli with "flouts and gibes and sneers,"—his mastery of which arms that statesman on a memorable occasion pointedly acknowledged,—he little dreamt that the time would come when he should share his enemy's homeward journey from Berlin, bringing Peace with Honor; still less that he should sit by his side on the ministerial bench in the House of Lords, an apparently docile, certainly a faithful, lieutenant.

Lord Salisbury's position in English political life, and especially in the House of Lords, is a peculiar one. He is a statesman born out of due season, and that he with increasing skill and success adapts himself to circumstances is crowning proof of his consummate ability. He should have lived in those spacious times when another Cecil was at the head of English affairs. He would have done much more as minister to Queen Elizabeth than he is permitted to accomplish as minister for Queen Victoria. With an almost total absence of sympathy with the people, he has fallen upon a time when the people are more and more, and the crown and its appanages less and less. He is obliged in these days to take into account the House of Commons and what he regards as its vagaries and its prejudices. But he is never at pains to disguise his dislike of it and all it represents.

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This is a point on which Mr. Disraeli, with his keen intuition of popular impulses, had the advantage over the friend of his declining years. There is a story told of Lord Melbourne which is probably apochryphal, but if anything like it in analogous circumstances were told of Lord Salisbury, it would readily be believed. It was at the time of the Corn-Law struggle, one of the phases of which had been discussed at a cabinet meeting, other topics intervening before the council broke up. As his colleagues were going away, Lord Melbourne (according to a current story) leaned over the bannisters of the staircase and called out: "Is bread to go up or down? I don't care which it is, you know, but we must all say the same thing in the House."

Just before the first session of 1890 closed, Lord Salisbury, with characteristic contempt for subterfuge, made, in the House of Lords, a speech conceived in the very spirit of this off-hand remark over the bannisters. A bill dealing with local rates, promoted by the corporation of Dublin, had come up from the Commons. It was a measure in charge of the Chief Secretary, and in carrying the bill through the Commons Mr. Balfour had had the unwonted assistance of the Irish members. That was sufficient to excite the ire of noble lords like the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Waterford, and Lord Wemyss. At the very last moment they broke into open revolt. The bill had actually been read a third time, and it was on the formal stage "that the bill do pass" that Lord Wemyss moved an amendment which, if carried, would have thrown out the measure. There was a strong whip out, and the malcontent lords mustered in numbers which surely presaged a government defeat. Lord Salisbury, sitting in his favorite attitude, with his elbow on the back of the bench, his head resting on his hand, and his back turned to the bishops, listened to the impassioned debate. Members of the Commons, leaving their own chamber, crowded the bar at the Lords and the galleries over the pens where ladies sit, such of them as were privy councillors availing themselves of their privilege to stand on the steps of the throne. Among these was Mr. Balfour, smiling genially, whilst Lord Wemyss declaimed and Lord Waterford, remaining seated in token of a terrible fall from his horse on the hunting-field, demonstrated how all was up with the Union if this iniquitous bill passed.

To the Commons looking on its fate seemed sealed, and there

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was animated talk as to what line Mr. Balfour would take if he were thus openly and studiously flouted. When there appeared nothing left but the division, Lord Salisbury stirred his vast bulk and lounged up to the table. He did not trouble himself with any elaborate defence of the bill. To him it was plainly a ludicrously insignificant thing whether rates were collected in Dublin under one system or another. What he had to point out was that here was an incidental feature in the Irish policy of the government as carried out by Mr. Balfour. Did noble lords approve that policy as a whole or did they not? If they did, and the cheer that resounded through the House gave clear assurance of their feeling in the matter, they must take it as a whole. "You cannot," Lord Salisbury said, "be allowed to pick out a bit here and there, and say you won't have it."

Here was the unconscious echo of Lord Melbourne's remark thrown over the bannister. "Are we," Lord Salisbury said, in effect, "to support Mr. Balfour's policy in Ireland, or are we to desert him and let in home rule and Mr. Gladstone? I don't care which it is, you know, but we must stick to a definite line of action" It is an axiom cynically accepted in Parliament that a speech rarely, if ever, affects votes. On this occasion Lord Salisbury triumphantly proved the exception. Had he been accidentally absent, or, being present, had he refrained from taking part in the debate, the bill would indubitably have been lost. As it was, the carefully-marshalled majority silently melted away, and when the tellers returned from the division lobby the bill was carried.

The delivery of this memorable speech afforded to those fortunate enough to hear it a fair idea of Lord Salisbury's oratorical style. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, the Premier but slightly varies in the level excellence of his speech. Never striking at the high flights at which Mr. Gladstone is accustomed to soar, there is not the opportunity for comparative failure. Lord Salisbury, in addressing the House of Lords, does not make speeches to them. He just talks, but with what clearness of perception, what command of his subject, what vigorous and well-ordered sentences, what irresistible arguments, and now and then with what delicate refreshing rain of cynicism! Doubtless a minister in his position must carefully prepare his speeches on public affairs, but Lord Salisbury has in peculiar degree the art of concealing his art.

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He rarely uses manuscript notes even for the exposition of the most delicate and important announcements. Just before Parliament rose last session he had occasion to explain the details of the arrangement concluded with Portugal for the settlement of contending claims with Africa. It was an exceedingly intricate affair, the story involving an historical review and the adjustment of nice points of latitude and longitude, not to mention the recital of barbarous and unfamiliar geographical terms. It was precisely the case in which the most practised speaker would gratefully have taken refuge in a sheaf of notes. But Lord Salisbury had not a scrap of paper in his hand as he unwove the tangled skein, and when he sat down, after talking for twelve minutes, he had made the whole case clear to the perception of the dullest lord in the assembly.

Next to the Premier in the quickly-exhausted list of men who have made their mark in the Salisbury Parliament stands Mr. Balfour. If any member who had sat through a session or two of the Parliament of 1880 had fallen asleep in the library and had, on any night when the present House of Commons is sitting, returned to his old place, he would not know this still slim young gentleman who in Mr. Gladstone's Parliament was member for Hertford. Not that in personal appearance Mr. Balfour is greatly altered. He has at whiles the same languorous air, the same boyish smile swiftly illumining his countenance, the same disposition to discover how nearly he can sit on his shoulder-blades when occupying a place on the front bench listening to Mr. Gladstone or an Irish member. But in other respects the metamorphosis is complete. The dilletante stripling that used to lounge about the House, moved to what seemed the nearest possible approach to the bore of being interested when Lord Randolph Churchill was attacking somebody, has grown into the hardest-worked minister of the crown, the deviser and stern executor of an Irish policy as nearly Cromwellian as the prejudices of the nineteenth century will permit.

When, on the retirement of Sir Michael Beach in 1887, Mr. Balfour was appointed to the office of Chief Secretary, the arrangement was generally regarded as one of those temporary dispositions of a difficult post which mark the movement of a bewildered premier. Though Mr. Balfour had already a seat in the cabinet as Secretary for Scotland, he had not yet developed any

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qualities that gave promise of his immediate future. The Irish members laughed at his pretty ways, inclined to regard his appointment as something like an echo of Mr. Disraeli's practical joke when he made Mr. James Lowther Chief Secretary for Ireland. But before the session closed members were fain to admit that there were unsuspected depths in the character of the young minister. He trod gently as yet, but through the ordeal of the badgering to which chief secretaries are submitted at the question hour he passed with a skill and strength that extorted admiration.

There is no instance in English political life of a still young man making such a rapid advance to a premier place as is supplied in the case of Mr. Balfour. Lord Randolph Churchill had a meteoric flight, but he had been for several sessions steadily forcing himself into prominence before, in the Parliament of 1886, he blossomed into Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. Up to the day when all the world wondered to hear that Mr. Balfour had been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was a person of no political consequence, his rising evoked no interest in the House, and his name would not have drawn a full audience in St. James's Hall. Within twelve months, and in rapidly increasing degree within two years, he had gained for himself one of four principal places in debate in the House of Commons, and his name was one to conjure with in Conservative centres throughout the United Kingdom.

In personal appearance and in manner no one could less resemble Cromwell than the present ruler of Ireland. To look at Mr. Balfour as he glides with undulous stride to his place in the House of Commons, one would imagine rather that he had just dropped in from an exercise on the guitar than from the pursuit of his grim game with the Nationalist forces in Ireland. His movements are of almost womanly grace and his face is fair to look upon. Even when making the bitterest retorts to the enemy opposite, he preserves an outward bearing of almost deferential courtesy. Irish members may, if they please, use the bludgeon of Parliamentary conflict; for him the polished, lightly-poised rapier suffices for all occasions. The very contrast of his unruffled mien presented to furious onslaughts of excitable persons like Mr. W. O'Brien adds to the bitterness of the wormwood and gall which his presence on the treasury bench mixes for Irish members. But if he is hated by the men some of whom he has put in

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prison, he is feared and, in some sense, respected. In him is recognized the most perfect living example of the mailed hand under the silken glove.

As Mr. Balfour's earliest appearance on the Parliamentary scene was influenced by Lord Randolph Churchill, it is probable that future stages of his career will be constrained, if not controlled, from the same quarter. If Lord Randolph did not exist, it would not be difficult to cast the political horoscope of the Chief Secretary. He has no other rival in the succession to the leadership of a party who have had in distant succession two such chiefs as Peel and Disraeli. Mr. Balfour is strong in something else than his Parliamentary position. The Conservative party believe in him with a fulness of conviction withheld from Mr. Disraeli even after he had been received into the sanctified company of the House of Lords. Mr. Balfour at least knows what he means and what he intends to do, and that is a great comfort to the large majority of a party who only want to be led. His succession to the leadership on the retirement of Mr. W. H. Smith—an event which cannot long be postponed—would be hailed with approval by nine-tenths of the party in the House of Commons, and with a roar of acclamation by the party throughout the country. That the problem has not already been solved in this direction is due partly to the difficulty of finding a successor capable of continuing his policy in Ireland, and partly to the apprehension of revolt in certain quarters on the treasury bench if other claims were overlooked in favor of the brilliant nephew of the Prime Minister.

But if Mr. Balfour is to obtain this well-deserved promotion over the heads of his colleagues in the cabinet as at present constituted, it will be necessary for the arrangement to be completed during the existence of the present Parliament. As far as its term is concerned, Lord Randolph Churchill's chance is played out. He is, as recent chapters in his history have proved, prone to hasty decisions. But it is too much even for his most sanguine enemy to hope that he will be so ill advised as to yoke himself with the falling fortunes of the present ministry. If, indeed, he were invited to resume the leadership of the House of Commons, with promise of free hand, the invitation might prove irresistible, and its acceptance would be well advised. He could not hope to avert the impending doom, but he would at least make a good fight, and might succeed in making the fall easier.

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To take anything less than the leadership at the present juncture would be an act of self-abasement which no one has a right to expect at his hands.

Lord Randolph Churchill is not a man of the Salisbury Parliament in the sense that Mr. Balfour has won that distinction. His position was made in the Parliament of 1880, and was lost in that which is now nearing its close. During the past session Lord Randolph has even ostentatiously withdrawn himself from Parliamentary affairs. He has given up to Newmarket what was meant for mankind. But no one with even elementary knowledge of political affairs, or the slightest acquaintance with Lord Randolph's character, imagines that he is finally out of the running. Though he has flung away ministerial position and withdrawn himself from the councils of his party, his personal weight and influence in debate are not materially impaired. His command over the House, when he chooses to exercise it, is as complete as ever, and his influence in the country may be regained whenever he thinks it worth while to set himself the task. His time will come again when the present government go into opposition and look around them for a leader.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a model leader of opposition; ready, resolute, inventive, audacious, and, if need be, unscrupulous. If it were only possible for Mr. Balfour to work with him in unity, Mr. Gladstone's next ministry would have a sore time, whatever might be their numerical majority. The House of Commons likes to be shown sport, as one of its most successful leaders said. Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Balfour working together in harmony on the front opposition bench would show excellent sport. Whether such a combination be possible or not is one of the problems which the near future will be called upon to solve. It does not in present circumstances appear probable, but adversity makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows, and in the gloom of opposition these two old friends may come together again. Two things are, however, already certain. One is that Lord Randolph Churchill will be finally indispensable to the Conservative party; the other, that he cannot hold a second place.

HENRY W. LUCY.

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HUMORS OF THE COOKERY-BOOK.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

"THERE does not, at this blessed moment, breathe on the earth's surface a human being that willna prefer eating and drinking to all ither pleasures o' body or soul." So speaks the Ettrick Shepherd, in the fulness of his content, contemplating with moist eyes the groaning supper-table, laden with a comfortable array of solid viands; after which fair and frank expression of his views we are somewhat pained to hear him denouncing in no measured terms "the awful and fearsome vice o' gluttony," as evidenced occasionally in women. His companions, too, those magnificent fellow-feeders, have a great many severe things to say about gude-wives who betray a weakness for roasted pork or an unfeminine solicitude for gravy; and Mr. Timothy Tickler unhesitatingly affirms that such a one, "eating for the sake of eating, and not for mere nourishment, is, in fact, the grossest of sensualists, and at each mouthful virtually breaks all ten of the commandments." This is the language of an ascetic rather than of a *bon vivant*, but we are in some measure reassured when the same Mr. Tickler confesses, a little later, that, although roast goose always disagrees with him, yet he never refuses it, believing that to purchase pleasure by a certain degree of pain is true philosophy; whereupon the Shepherd, not to be outdone, gives it as his unreserved opinion that, in winter-time at least, "eating for eating's sake, and in oblivion o' its feenal cause, is the most sacred o' household duties."

From these somewhat inharmonious sentiments we reluctantly infer that gluttony is a vice—or a virtue—for man only, and that woman's part in the programme is purely that of a ministering angel. Adam was made to eat, and Eve to cook for him, although even in this humble sphere she and her daughters have been doomed to rank second in command. Excellent in all things, but supreme in none, they have never yet scaled the

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dazzling heights of culinary fame. The records of antiquity make no mention of their skill; the middle ages grant them neither praise nor honor; and even as late as Dr. Johnson's day they labored hard for scanty recognition. It is very painful to hear the great sage speaking lightly of our grandmother's oracle, Mrs. Glasse, and declaring with robust contempt that women were fit to spin, but not to write a book of cookery. Yet for how many years had they modestly held their peace; for how many years had this department of literature remained in their masters' hands!

Amid the fast-growing epicureanism of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—for the Plantagenets were noble eaters, and gave an admirable example to the kingdom—we find all information on the subject emanating from the pens of learned and perhaps saintly men. The oldest treatise that has been preserved is the work of the venerable Archbishop Neckam, of Saint Albans, written in Latin and highly unintelligible Norman French, and destined as a guide for youthful house-keepers, who, even in that early day, had begun to suffer instruction for their husbands' sakes. The "Form of Cury" is a roll of one hundred and ninety-six recipes contributed, a full century later, by the master-cook of Richard II., and professes to have for its modest object "the preparing of pottages and meats for the household, as they should be made, craftily and wholesomely"; though some of these crafty dishes are as costly in their character as those in the "Noble Boke of Cookery," so often reëdited and republished, and which is principally interesting as proving to us how much time and money could be expended upon a royal table. Yet the poor were not altogether forgotten, for in 1620 Tobias Venner, a Somersetshire man, gave to the world his little volume called "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam," full of practical and homely advice to the lower rural classes, who must, in many cases, have been unable to profit by it, owing to their education being in as primitive a stage of development as William of Deloraine's. "The Art of Cookery Refined and Augmented," published by the master of Charles the First's kitchen, gives us also, side by side with wonderful and elaborate "subtleties," such plain and wholesome dishes as hasty pudding and barley pudding, which were as familiar to ploughmen as to kings; while, with the advent of the Puritans, cooking, like all the sister-arts, suffered a lamentable

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eclipse. Those noble pastries, those flaunting peacocks, those boars' heads served on silver platters, those soul-inspiring wassail-cups, vanished from saintly England.

> "Plum-broth was Popish, and mince-pie,
> O, that was flat idolatry!"

A significant token left us from these dismal days is a little book, printed after the Restoration, and entitled "The Court and Kitchen of Joan Cromwell," wherein we learn that the Protector's household was a well-ordered and frugal one, and that to its master was not permitted the luxury of an orange with his veal, because oranges could not be bought for less than a groat apiece.

But all this time women were silent, profiting, doubtless, in many a roomy kitchen and in many a well-stocked buttery, by the words of wisdom which vainglorious men let fall; and only now and then giving help and counsel to one another by means of little private receipt-books, which were circulated among a few noble families, and were considered as their own exclusive property and pride. Such were "My Lady Rennelagh's Choice Receipts," which may still be read among the Sloane MSS.; and such, too, was "The Countesse of Rutland's Receipt for making the rare Banbury Cake, which was so much praised at her daughter's (the Right Honourable the Lady Chaworth's) wedding." And the fame of this distinguished cake was so widespread that, after a while, we come upon it—titles and all—in that weird little volume "The Queen's Closet Opened," published in 1662, which contains a hoard of "Incomparable Secrets in Physick, Chyrugery, Preserving and Candying," all of which, we are assured, were presented to her Majesty the Queen "By the most Experienced Persons of the Times, many whereof were had in esteem, when she pleased to descend to private Recreations." In this company we behold only the most distinguished names. Like Mrs. Jarley, it appears to have been the delight of the nobility and gentry, and many of the recipes are the fair fruits of royal meditations. Here, for example, are two perfumes, one the invention of Edward VI. and one of Queen Elizabeth, who had a notoriously dainty nose; also a medicine for the plague, which was Queen Mary's especial secret, and imparted by her to the Lord Mayor of London. And here is a cake, a very plain and wholesome cake, made by the poor young Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of Charles I.; and a strawberry cordial bequeathed to us by Sir Walter Raleigh; and the Earl of

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Arundel's posset; and Lord Bacon's home-brewed ale; and Sir Kenelm Digby's *aqua mirabilis*; and the Bishop of Worcester's "admirable curing powder," of which the principal ingredients seem to be adder-skins and the "black tips of crab's claws taken when the Sun enters Cancer, which is every year on the eleventh day of June."

Many of the most infallible remedies read as if they might have been concocted in that unholy cauldron which *Macbeth* saw bubbling in the witches' cave. Dr. Atkin's jaundice powder, for instance, made of earth-worms, nicely slit, and washed with white wine; a sadly impenetrable "Plaister of Paracelsus"; and "An Excellent Snail Water," with five hundred snails in it. The costly nature of the preparations is another warrant for the good society they were expected to keep. It does not lie in the power of ordinary consumptives to take pills made of amber and pearl and coral, if they even believed these substances to be nourishing and digestible. The recipes for "Sugar of Roses," for "A delicate Almond Oil to remove the shining of the Nose," and for "A Carp Pye fit for the Pope," hint plainly at vanity and luxurious living; the very words "A great rich Cake" stir the heart with an echo of past cheer; and "A Pulpatoon of Pigeons" is doubtless the noble and honored progenitor of Lord Beaconsfield's "pompetone of larks." On the other hand, a leg of mutton stuffed with pickled herrings seems like the invention of a culinary humorist; and "How to make a fat Lamb of a Pig" is a case of pure imposture, the beginning of that long and melancholy list of "mock" dishes which lose their own honest flavor in an ambitious struggle to be taken for something better. Imagine Elia's disgust at an imitation lamb rising, like a false phœnix, from the ashes of his favorite pig.

Opulence and a taste for display, upon the one side, and the natural conservatism of the great Saxon stock, upon the other, fought the battle of the table from the days of the Black Prince down to those of Anthony Trollope, and will, in all probability, fight it to the end. "A cod's head for fourpence, and nine shillings' worth of condiments to serve with it," was the favorite sarcasm which greeted the growing extravagance of the rich middle classes. Those costly "subtleties" imported from French kitchens in the fifteenth century met with a sturdy opposition from British freemen, who, even while they gaped and marvelled,

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resented such bewildering innovations. The pelican sheltering her young, and Saint Catherine, book in hand, disputing to the doctors, which figured among the dishes at the coronation of Henry V., the hundred and four "dressed" peacocks trailing their plumes gorgeously over the table at the consecration of Archbishop Neville, affronted more than one beef-eating gentleman and exasperated more than one porridge-eating churl. From France, too, came certain heresies regarding the fitness of food which Englishmen had for centuries devoured and digested. Queen Elizabeth dined upon whale; Cardinal Wolsey, who was something of an epicure, and who first taught us that strawberries and cream were intended by a beneficent nature to set off each other's merits, did not disdain to have a young porpoise served up at one of his banquets. Fish soup was a delicacy, and we are even assured by antiquarians that the grampus, or sea-wolf, was freely eaten by our strong-stomached ancestors.

But foreign cooks looked doubtfully upon these national dainties, and, in place of the old-time gravies, which were simply the broths in which meat had been boiled, flavored with a little ginger and sugar, delicate and highly-seasoned sauces were devised for the tempting of weary appetites. Italy sent forks—those curious and uncanny implements which were received with scornful indignation, as calculated to destroy the simplicity and manliness of Great Britain. Spoons and knives were held in slight esteem, for good soup could be swallowed from the bowl, and his sacred Majesty Charles XII. of Sweden was not the only monarch who buttered his bread with his royal thumb. But forks were contemptible affectations. As honest Master Breton observed, he had done no foul work and handled no unwholesome thing, and consequently had no need of an instrument with which to make hay of his food and pitch it into his mouth. So, too, the time-honored custom of man and wife eating out of one trencher was falling into rapid disuse, and Walpole tells us that the old Duke and Duchess of Hamilton were the last couple in England who retained the fashion of their youth. Meats were growing daintier and dearer all the while. The ordinary or inn dinner, which in Elizabeth's day cost sixpence, had risen to tenpence in the reign of George I., and soon crept up to a shilling. In every generation there were plenty of grumblers to lament over the good old times that had fled, and we catch the echo of this

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undying cry in the modern protests against unwelcome fashions. Thackeray and Trollope railed perpetually at that feeble striving after an impossible elegance which had well-nigh destroyed the cheery conviviality of their youth; and Peacock, the prince of good livers, with whom the pleasures of the intellect and the appetite walked amicably hand in hand, has recorded his still more vehement denunciation. "I detest and abominate," says Mr. Macborrowdale, "the idea of a Siberian dinner, where you just look on fiddle-faddles while your meal is behind a screen and you are served with rations like a pauper."

The scorn of the true Briton for alien delicacies was repaid with interest by the Frenchman, who regarded his neighbor's groaning table very much as we might regard the doubtful provender of a cannibal chief. The contempt for frog-eating foreigners, on the one hand, was not greater than the contempt for beef-eating islanders, on the other; in fact, all nations, from Egypt down, seem to have cherished a wholesome dislike and distrust for each other's food. The British officer who, at the attack on Cadiz, shouted to his men, "You Englishmen who are fed upon beef don't surely mean to be beaten by a d——d lot of Spaniards who live on oranges!" made a stronger appeal to human nature than did Napoleon with his famous "forty centuries"; and the reverse of the medal may be seen in Talleyrand's description of England as a land where there were twenty-four religions and only one sauce. Twenty-four religions would make but a poor showing in these days, when even a clever novel can beget a new one; but sauces are not so lightly called into being. Those "slibber sops" which brought "queesiness to the stomach and disquiet to the mind" of John Lyly were hard to rout from the field; and they were still holding their own when Brillat-Savarin, the most serene and kindly of epicures, first visited Great Britain. With Savarian eating was more than a mere vulgar pleasure; it was a solemn and yet exquisite duty which man owed to himself and to a generous nature that had yielded him up her bounties for this purpose. Mr. Birrell says that Burke's letters on carrots "tremble with emotion," and there is a like earnestness about all of Savarin's recipes; a pathetic anxiety lest some ingredient should be omitted or ill-used. For fish he entertains a profound respect; for game, a manly affection; for pastries, a delicate regard; but truffles are the beloved darlings of his

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heart. It contents him greatly to sit at table with congenial spirits; to watch "the eagerness of desire, the ecstasy of enjoyment, and, finally, the perfect repose of bliss on every countenance," when the noble meal is ended. Surely even the Reign of Terror might have dealt tenderly with such a man as this, since patriots are unswerving eaters, and it behooved them to remember that "the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet."

All of Savarin's apophthegms evince the same frank and warm-hearted regard for the welfare of others; the same unremitting anxiety to teach them what to eat and how to eat it. He entreats us never to forget that, when we have invited a man to dine, we have, for a short time at least, his happiness in our hands. The dinner table, he reminds us, is the only place where men are not hopelessly bored for the first hour, and during that hour it is our privilege to make them enamored of life. A cook is, in his eyes, a true scientist, with mighty capacities for good and evil. He believes, with Baudelaire, that such a one should have the soul of a poet, and—like the too fastidious Parisian, who declared that between Mme. du Deffand's chef and that of the Marquise de Brinvilliers "there was only the difference of intention"—Savarin has no words of reproach strong enough for those who debase and shame their noble calling. He is prompt to recognize the exigencies of a slender purse, and unwearying in his efforts to provide *menus* fitted to its limitations; but his notions of economy are somewhat like those of the little French princess, who said that rather than starve she would live on bread and cheese. The famous "*omelette au thon*," for instance, with all its air of pastoral simplicity, contains the roe of two carp, a piece of tunny, an eschalot, twelve eggs, and a number of other ingredients which would hardly recommend it to a poor country parsonage. As for the Abbé Chevrier's spinach, which was warmed up with butter for seven days before it reached the acme of delicacy, we can only wonder at the admirable patience of the Abbé's cook, who would return seven times with unremitting industry to the consideration of a single dish.

It will be observed, however, how many gastronomical triumphs we owe to clerical genius, or to the researches of the true philosopher. Lord Bacon thought it no shame to bend his mighty mind to kitchen problems, and Dr. Nowel, the learned

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and pious dean of St. Paul's, was rightfully proud of the bottled beer which he first gave to his astonished and grateful country. The earliest list of recipes in England was, as I have already said, the work of an archbishop. The Jesuits in the seventeenth century carried the turkey from its native haunts and introduced it to the best French society, who received it with the rapture it deserved. The famous *mayonnaise* is not the only delicacy which Richelieu bequeathed to the world; Talleyrand devoted one hour out of every busy day to the exclusive companionship of his cook; and the Regent Orleans was pleased to give his own name to the bread of his own baking.

What a kindly spirit of good-fellowship we discern in the frank epicureanism of Sidney Smith; what generous sympathy for a *bon vivant* whose lines have led him into desert places! "Luttrell came over for a day," he writes, "from whence I know not, but I thought not from good quarters; at least he had not his usual soup and patti look. There was a forced smile upon his countenance which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled, a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman." How creditable, too, is his anxiety to please Luttrell, when that amicable sybarite becomes *his* guest! "Mrs. Sidney," he declares, "grows pale with alarm as the rich dishes are uncovered"; and yet so admirable a housewife might have shared in the superb confidence of Lord Worcester when cautioned by Sir Henry Halford to leave all such indiscreet messes alone. "Side dishes," said the great physician, "are poison." "Yours may be," retorted Lord Worcester; "and I should never dream of eating them, but mine are a very different story." So, too, were Sidney Smith's, and the celebrated salad which gained for him nearly as wide a reputation as his wit was only one of many famous recipes, and probably no greater in its way than the mysterious pudding whose secret he imparted as an especial favor to the importunate Lady Holland. Those who had the happiness of sitting at his table rose from it with tranquil gratitude, "serenely full," and conscious, let us hope, of his own graceful sentiment,

"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."

There is one more subject to consider; one more aspect of the case, fraught with tender and melancholy associations. Like the

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lost joys of our youth ; like the taste for apple-dumplings, which Lamb recognized as belonging only to those whose innocence was unimpaired ; like the vanishing of gentle thoughts with a growing distaste for asparagus ; so is the sorrowful blank left in our lives by the recollection of noble dishes that have been, and that are no longer. What of that lost recipe of Menander's for fish sauce—an ambrosial sauce whose fame has flitted down to us from dim ages, and the eating of which would have filled to the brim Dr. Johnson's cup of happiness ? And what of its modern counterpart, now also gone forever, the famous green sauce which La Coste offered to Sir Thomas Dundas at the Duke of York's table, whispering to him with unctuous fervor, "*Avec cette sauce là, on pourrait manger son grand-père*" ? What of the bream-pie that disappeared with the good monks, driven from British soil, and the mere recollection of which caused Peacock to bewail in spirit the too rapid dissolution of the monasteries ? And what of sack—*Falstaff's* sack—that made England the merry England of yore, and that took flight, like some old-fashioned genius, before the sombre days that were to follow ? Surely if we knew its secret, we should learn how to laugh once more.

But alas ! this may not be. We have but the memories of past good cheer ; we have but the echoes of departed laughter. In vain we look and listen for the mirth that has died away. In vain we seek to question the gray ghosts of old-time revellers.

"Still shall this burden their answer bear,
What has become of last year's snow ?"

AGNES REPPLIER.

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CIVILIZATION AND SUICIDE.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL. D.

THE increasing frequency of suicide is one of the startling signs of the times. Hardly a day passes in any of the chief civilized countries of the world but the press records the death of some person who has shuffled off this mortal coil by the aid of rope, pistol, pond, or poison. A Boston daily paper reported on May 3, 1889, eight suicides in this country. Nine years ago it was estimated that Europeans were killing themselves at an annual average rate of one in 5,000, and that consequently about 60,000 persons, or more than were killed, wounded, and missing in the bloodiest battle of modern times, were destroying themselves every year! Even this statement, alarming as it is, falls short of the actual truth, for there is no reason to doubt that hundreds of suicides are committed yearly in every large country which, as such, are not made public. Family pride falsifies the cause and manner of many a death. But even the number of deaths does not show the strength of the mania, for hundreds of attempts at suicide are thwarted. Of 700 such attempts in London in 1881, more than one-half were arrested by the police.

A remarkable circumstance of the deaths is the regularity with which every civilized country pays its yearly tribute to this fatal plague. Statistics collected and analyzed with great care, and giving the proportion, per million inhabitants, of voluntary deaths which have occurred in all the countries of Europe from 1816 to 1877, show that suicide has steadily increased, and goes on increasing, more rapidly than the geometrical augmentation of the population and the general mortality—a result which can be attributed only to that universal and complex influence which we call *civilization*. In a country so blessed as ours, where food is abundant, labor in demand, and opportunities numerous for mercantile and professional success, one would expect to find the mania less intense than elsewhere; but such is not the fact. To offset our advantages, we have a more changeful climate than Europeans;

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our nervous organism is more sensitive ; our habits of living are less healthful ; speculation is rifer and more daring ; and changes of fortune are more frequent and violent than in the old world.

In all the countries of the civilized world men are becoming more and more weary of the burden of life. While the increased knowledge of the laws of health, sanitary regulations, and the marvellous improvements in surgery and medicine have prolonged the average of human life, yet along with all this are manifested a greater impatience of life itself and a stronger desire to throw off its cares and responsibilities. Nor is it the poor, homeless, friendless, or ignorant members of the community alone that manifest this desire. A list of the men of genius, culture, or wealth who in different ages and countries have put an end to their lives—including, as it would, Aristotle, Cleanthes, Demosthenes, Zeno, Themistocles, Petronius Arbiter, Cato, Brutus, Cassius, Terence, Seneca, Aristarchus, Nero, Mithridates, Hannibal, him

> "who, to be deem'd
> A god, leaped fondly into Ætna flames,
> Empedocles ; and him who, to enjoy
> Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
> Cleombrotus";

Castlereagh, Kleist, the German author ; Chatterton, Dr. Bull, author of England's national anthem ; Romilly, Hugh Miller, Colonel Gurwood, Haydon, the painter ; Colton, author of "Lacon"; Prévost-Paradol, H. B. Wallace—would show that no intellectual endowment, natural or acquired, or abundance of the world's goods, is a guarantee against this disaster. Lord Clive, the founder of the British empire in India, twice in his youth attempted to destroy himself whilst residing at Madras, and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off,—leading him, after he had satisfied himself that the pistol was really well loaded, to exclaim that "surely he was reserved for something great." At the age of forty-nine, after a series of dazzling victories in India, by which he won fame, immense wealth, and a peerage, he tried a third time, in a fit of constitutional gloom aggravated by disease and the accusations of enemies, to shoot himself, and succeeded. It was only the timely pecuniary aid of an old schoolfellow, whom Napoleon met on his way to the Pont-Neuf in Paris, that prevented the man of destiny, in 1794, when he was in great financial distress and had exhausted all his

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resources, from drowning himself in the Seine. Bismarck is said to have declared, after the battle of Sadowa, that he would have killed himself if the Prussians had been beaten. Byron declared that, during the time he was composing "Childe Harold," he "should many a day have blown his brains out but for the reflection that it would have given great pleasure to his mother-in-law." No one can read Shakespeare's sonnets without feeling that there was a season in his youth when thoughts of suicide vexed even his great soul.

The love of life is deemed the strongest instinct in man, and yet it yields not only to weighty or vehement considerations, but to the slightest and most trivial motives imaginable. Bacon says truly that "there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death." A well-educated Englishman killed himself, some years ago, because he was "tired of buttoning and unbuttoning." Men have been known to put an end to themselves to escape the pain of toothache or a pain in the stomach. Two centuries ago, Vatel, the cook of Condé, ran himself through with his sword, in despair because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner, when that prince entertained Louis XIV.! A married woman at Mellenberge, in Hesse-Cassell, some years ago, drowned herself and child in the Fulda because she had been ordered by the police, under penalty of fine and imprisonment for neglect, to bring the babe, eight months old, to be vaccinated. A farmer in Hampden, Mass., a very penurious man, refused to engage a nurse for his sick wife. When others remonstrated with him he went away and hanged himself. Marie Speiz, of Brünn, drowned herself in the Danube because she was "laughed at on account of her corpulence."

That suicide is not the prerogative of the age of reason and reflection statistics mournfully prove. More than 2,000 boys and girls are its victims in Europe every year, and the number is steadily increasing.

But what is the cause of this fearful act? Is it, in all cases, mental disease? Is the convenient formula of juries, so merciful to relatives and friends,—"temporary insanity,"—always justified by the facts? Esquirol and Dr. Winslow, acute writers on suicide, say that it is. Casuists are ready to prove that, though the madness may have been temporary, yet, during "the height, torrent, and whirlwind" of the victim's despair, his reason was

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overpowered and dethroned; he lost all power of self-control, all sense of responsibility, and, for the time, was absolutely insane. All this, however, is but hair-splitting. The same reasoning would prove all men to be at times insane. Who is not, at some time, "beside himself" with rage, fear, or shame? While it is hard to mark the precise line between the normal and the abnormal functions of the brain,—to tell exactly where reason ends and madness begins,—and while it is true that many self-slayers are either unconscious of their acts or perform them under distinct hallucinations, yet it is equally true that the great majority of such persons are perfectly well aware of the nature of the deed they are doing, and do it with the so-far intelligent purpose of escaping misery which seems unendurable, punishment, or disgrace. It is heart-breaking or brain-tearing trouble, some bitter and intolerable grief which has taken root in the deepest recesses of the soul and poisoned all the sources of joy, that makes men long to die or impetuously seek refuge in death, in the hope that it will be an eternal sleep, or, at least, an end of their misery.

Indeed, no act of a man's life can be shown to be more coolly and rationally planned than is generally the act of leaving it. When an Ahithophel hangs himself because Absalom follows not his counsel, but that of Hushai, the Archite; when a Zeno does the same deed because he has stumbled and broken his thumb; when a Hannibal poisons himself with a poison long secreted for such an emergency, to avoid falling into the hands of an enemy whom he has exasperated and humiliated by invariable defeats; when a Themistocles kills himself rather than lead the Persians against his countrymen; when a Cato stabs himself after his defeat by Cæsar, a Brutus falls upon his sword after the fatal field of Philippi, and a Cassius cuts short his life with the very dagger with which he had stabbed "the world's great master"; when an emperor, after entertaining his friends at a splendid supper, stabs himself to the heart, as did Otho after his defeat by Cæcina; when we read of the self-slaying of two public servants who were incriminated for their share in "the South-Sea Bubble," as in the case of Craggs, Postmaster-General of England, and his son, Secretary of State; of the suicide of a physician whose reputation is hopelessly blasted, as in the case of Sir R. Croft, who attended upon the Princess Charlotte, or of the self-suffocation with the fumes of charcoal of two young French authors who have been stung with

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rage by the failure of their joint melodrama,—the conviction is forced upon us that these acts are due, not to cerebral disease, but to deliberate determination.

What, then, are the real causes of suicide? Owing to the complexity of moral phenomena, they are often difficult to discover. Often the apparent causes are only the irritants of an already abnormal sensibility; they are but the match applied to combustibles already prepared. First, the propensity to suicide may be hereditary. Voltaire personally knew a case where a father and two sons took their own lives at the same age, and without any discoverable cause. Burrows records a family trait of the same kind exhibited in three generations. The grandfather hanged himself; three of his sons destroyed themselves; two of the grandchildren did the same thing; one made several attempts on his own life; and even the fourth generation showed symptoms of the same propensity. Two cases have occurred, one in Saxony, the other in the Tyrol, in each of which seven brothers hanged themselves one after another.

In the north of Europe alcoholism is said to be the prevailing cause of suicide; in the south, "the pangs of despised love," jealousy, and misery predominate; while in the centre, the chief causes are *tedium vitæ*, shame, and fear of punishment. One-fourth of the suicides in Prussia are attributed to insanity, which in a large proportion of cases is due to alcohol. Not only in the north, but in France also, the great increase of voluntary deaths within the last twenty years is attributed largely to the weakening of the will and the reaction of despondency caused by alcoholism. In Sweden, "the classic ground of alcoholism," the proportion of suicides from that cause was at one time over 65 per cent.

Love, which should be a bond of union, is becoming a dissevering element in civilization. Antony killed himself when he believed that Cleopatra was false to him and had "packed cards with Cæsar"; and she, stung with remorse and grief, put the asp to her breast that it might "with its sharp teeth the knot intrinsicate of life at once untie," and unite her in the grave with her lover. The same causes that made life wearisome to these ancient lovers act yet more powerfully on sensitive modern hearts. A young woman, being disappointed in the character of her lover, hangs herself. A man who fears to lose his mistress, invites her to dinner, and poisons both himself and her. A man and a woman

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have long been engaged to marry each other, but on account of his poverty her family oppose the union. Thereupon he refuses to keep his engagement; she ends her life with a dose of strychnine, and he, hearing of it, goes into the woods with a rifle and blows his brains out. It was grief for the loss of beloved ones that prompted the suicides—so different in their moral aspects from the foregoing—of Sir Samuel Romilly, who had often declared that he could not survive the death of his wife, and of Laman Blanchard, whom a similar bereavement befell at a time of extreme nervous exhaustion.

Persons who are fond of saying, with Richter, that many a spiritual giant is buried under a mountain of gold, forget how many more have been buried in the mud-holes and ditches of poverty. Poverty, extolled by the moralist with a well-appointed home and a comfortable balance at his banker's, is shown by statistics to be one of the most intolerable ills under which weary life is called to groan. Nabret attributes 905 out of 6,782 cases of suicide to poverty, and 322 more to reverses of fortune. Of 7,190 cases of self-killing in London during sixty years ending with 1830, 1,416 are attributed to poverty and 605 to "reverse of fortune." Pecuniary difficulties drove 305 Frenchmen in 1884 to voluntary death. The most prolific year of suicides in the United States was 1858, the year after that of the great financial panic, when the proportion was 1 to every 7,682 of the population, and 1 to every 185 deaths.

Acute and incurable disease, which renders existence one continuous suffering, a sense of failure in life, and domestic dissension are causes of suicide. Family troubles are said to have led 219 Prussians in 1880, and 975 out of 7,572 French suicides in 1884, to kill themselves. Physical suffering drove 1,228 Frenchmen in the same year to the same deed. Dread of a painful surgical operation led Colton, the author of "Lacon," to shoot himself at Fontainebleau. "Repentance, shame, and the stings of conscience" are answerable for 378 suicides in Prussia in 1880, one-fourth of whom were females; and incurable diseases for 288. Among the voluntary deaths from the last cause may be classed perhaps that of M. Prévost-Paradol, the brilliant French writer, who, after stultifying himself by accepting from Napoleon III. the appointment of Minister to Washington, was conscience-stricken at his own political apostasy, and died in July, 1870, by

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his own hand. Stinging satire has sometimes driven men to self-murder. Lycambes promised his daughter in marriage to Archilochus, the famous poet of Paros; but changed his mind and gave her to a rich suitor. The poet, in revenge, satirized the false Lycambes so cruelly in iambic verse that both father and daughter hanged themselves. Esquirol tells of a young physician, M. Roubeau, who published a medico-philosophic work on melancholy, adverse criticisms of which so disgusted him with life that he went away and strangled himself.

If the suicides of the very wretched surprise us,—those who, in a paroxysm of anguish, close their eyes to the desperate nature of their attempts to escape from suffering,—what shall we say of the same deed when committed by votaries of pleasure, who, having exhausted all the faculties of enjoyment, are sated with life, and would throw it away like a bauble which has ceased to please? *Tedium vitæ* is not the disease of the *canaille;* it is the characteristic suffering of privileged races and classes, the pets of fortune, who fly to suicide as a relief from the monotony of existence, when satiety and ennui have made them "a-weary of the sun." Many a stoic who has combated triumphantly the attacks of external ill, has failed in the struggle with that insidious inner enemy, ennui. Suicide from this cause is the crime of old civilizations, a proof of which we have in its frequency among the Sybarites and the luxurious and *blasé* nobles of Rome under the Empire. It means that all the pleasures of life have been drained to their dregs; or, rather, that the opportunities of enjoyment have outrun, with a certain class, the power to enjoy. It means that wealth, luxury, splendor, which are so keenly coveted by those who do not share them, "only make the sense of profound lassitude more intolerable, when they no longer please; only augment the desire to escape from life, with as little pain as may be, into an existence with new sensations, or, if it might be, into annihilation." The morbid restlessness, discontent, melancholy, and pessimism in Europe at the beginning of this century were fruitful of suicides. "Werther," according to Carlyle, was but the cry of that dim, rooted pain under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing; and while the author laughed at the malady as, in his own case, "a hypochondriac crotchet," many of his readers turned romance into earnest, and ended their sorrows with the razor and the pistol.

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Weariness of life was the probable cause of the self-murder in the last century of the accomplished Philip Mordaunt. Intellectual, handsome, popular, and blessed with a charming wife, he yet one day, to the astonishment of all who knew him, ended his life with a pistol. In a letter which he left he said that he had a heartache which nothing but a churchyard sleep could cure. A somewhat similar case was that of the noted and eminently successful New York merchant, Minturn, who deliberately put an end to his life at the age of forty-three. It was life-weariness which drove the master-spirit of antiquity, the great anatomist of the human heart, the philosopher to whose authority the thinkers of Europe bowed for two thousand years in implicit submission,—Aristotle himself,—to self-murder. History records that when asked which is the most transient of human things, he replied, "Gratitude"; and when one spoke of his friends, he exclaimed: "My friends! there are no friends!" When giving lessons in moral science, he could not sit still or stand, but walked to and fro in constant restlessness; and when his wine of life had run to the lees, he could not wait patiently for the hour of release from his weariness, but, in spite of his philosophy and his matchless genius, died as the fool dieth, by his own hand. And yet it was this same world-renowned sage who had written that "courage is the mean between fear and rashness, while suicide is the sum of both."

Antipathy to existence, according to Dr. Henry Morselli, one of the latest and ablest writers on suicide, is a real illness of the brain; it is a morbid mortification of the conscience and the affections, which may often be accompanied by the brightness of a powerful intelligence, but which oftener weakens the character and debilitates the moral sense. Till very recently suicide from satiety has been almost unknown among Americans. But since our late Civil War a sad revolution has taken place in our tastes and habits. Simple pleasures no longer please; life, to be tolerable, must now be spiced with condiments of the most piquant and titillating sort. The demands of the tyrant Fashion, too, are enormous; and to meet them exacts the most exhausting toils, the ceaseless tasking of both body and brain.

A craving for notoriety, always an occasional provocative to suicide, is becoming to-day a more and more powerful one. Rapid communication, the swift diffusion of news by electricity, the

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Argus-eyed and ubiquitous press, are turning the world into a theatre in which every whisper is heard and every man is an actor, with a passionate desire in many to attract attention, to create a sensation and win notoriety, even by death, if it cannot be won otherwise.

Still another cause of the increase of voluntary deaths is the growing religious apathy of the age, the practical, as well as theoretical, disbelief in God's providence and in a life after death; a disbelief which in many cases is not the result of investigation and reasoning, but, as Morselli affirms, of a physical inertia and the little hold of the mind obtained by any ideas but such as are directed to material improvement and the gratification of ambition. Popular lecturers and writers on science have harped on "the unchangeability of nature's laws" till the Deity has been virtually banished from the universe. Sane men who kill themselves do not believe in a sin-avenging God. The sceptical philosopher, David Hume, asserted that a man has a right to take his own life. "The life of a man," he declared, "is of no greater importance to the universe than that of an oyster. . . . Where is the harm of turning a few ounces of blood out of its natural channels?" If a man with Hume's genius and acuteness of intellect can speak thus contemptuously of self-killing, who can wonder that weak-minded and wretched men, who "feel the step-dame buffetings of fate," are ready to take the fearful leap?

Thus far we have spoken only of the individual determining motives of suicides. But, besides these, there are certain cosmic, ethnic, social, and biological influences which, because they act upon him unconsciously, elude the notice of the suicide himself. Though we are not fully informed of the relations between moral actions and external phenomena, yet there is abundant proof of the dependence of suicide upon climate and other cosmico-natural influences. Montesquieu, erroneously attributing to England the preëminence in voluntary deaths, ascribed it to the damp, foggy climate of that country,—a theory to which there are two objections, viz., that England is not preëminent in suicide, and that the foggy season is the one in which suicides there are the fewest. So deeply rooted is this notion in the Gallic mind that a French traveller, in describing London, states that he could not take a ride round the Serpentine without seeing a dead body floating on the surface or dangling on a tree! Statistics show

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conclusively that the classic ground of suicide is the centre of Europe from the northeast of France to the eastern borders of Germany. There, in a "suicidigenous" area of about 942,000 square kilometres, between 47°–57° of latitude and 20°–40° of longitude, are found the people who more than any other in the civilized world manifest an inclination to this act. As we go north or south from this area the tendency steadily diminishes. Spain and Portugal stand at the bottom of the scale; Saxony and nine departments of the Isle of France, Orleannais, and Champagne are at the top.

Not only does the climate of a country have an influence on suicide, but the disease has a relation to orography and hydrography. It is a curious fact that there is an inverse proportion between mountains and the frequency of voluntary deaths. The mountainous parts of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, and Italy are those that make the smallest contributions to suicide. A still more remarkable fact is that throughout Europe the tendency to self-killing increases in the regions of the great rivers and diminishes in marshy countries.

Again, the statistics of all civilized countries show that the frequency of suicide depends upon the seasons of the year. The transition period between spring and summer, especially the month of June, is that when inclination to this act reaches its maximum intensity. The number of voluntary deaths goes on regularly increasing from January to June, and then steadily diminishes from June to December, when it reaches the minimum. The statistics of suicide for nineteen years ending in 1878, published by the city of Boston, Mass., confirm this law; the largest number being in June, the next largest in May and July; the lowest occurring in February, the next lowest in December and January. The same law holds regarding madness, which, it is said, is influenced less by the intense heat of summer than by that of the early spring and summer, which seizes upon the organism not yet acclimatized and still under the influence of the cold season. Till recently an opposite opinion was held by scientists; they believed that self-killing was most frequent in damp, cloudy, dark weather, which tended to make men gloomy and melancholy. Not only the seasons of the year, but the days of the month and of the week, and even the hours of the day, exert an influence on suicide the force and steadiness of which cannot

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be mistaken. There are more suicides in the first ten than in the last twenty days of the month. The most fatal days of the week are Tuesday, Thursday, and Monday, the reason being that on those days, and in the early part of the month, comes the reaction from the dissipation that follows "pay-day," when the workman suffers from the satiety of gluttony, the miseries consequent upon drunkenness, the remorse for prodigality, and the intolerance of work which results from his debauchery. For a similar reason, there are more voluntary deaths in the first ten than in the last twenty days of the month.

The influence of race on voluntary death is shown by an overwhelming array of facts gathered from nearly all the countries of Europe. These facts show that the German race has the greatest propensity to self-destruction, and that the Slavic has the least. Between these the other peoples are arranged in almost direct ratio with the ethical distance which separates them from the Germanic. The poorer the Germanic blood, the greater is the inclination to suicide. In France we find the fewest suicides where the Germanic element is smallest, as in Auvergne, Brittany, Gascony, Roussillon, Bearn; and the same is true of Italy. The minimum is found in Calabria, the Basilicata, the Abruzzi, and Sardinia, where the Germanic element either never penetrated or was extremely small; while the maximum is found in northern Italy, which was settled in the middle ages by various German races.

Of the social influences that promote suicide, that of imitation has long been noted. Men think in herds and go mad in herds, while they recover their reason slowly one by one. History teems with accounts of suicidal epidemics which have seized upon men at times, just as at other times there have been epidemics of witchcraft, poisoning, house-anointing, self-mutilation, barn-burning, and other crimes. A mania of suicide prevailed in ancient times among the women of Miletus; and centuries afterward a similar one raged among the women of Marseilles and of Lyons, in France. The same thing occurred at Rouen in 1806, in the Valois in 1813, and at Stuttgart in 1811. In the year 1772 a lottery mania raged in England, which was followed by an epidemic of self-killing that raged with almost incredible virulence. The streets of London swarmed with wretches raving mad with the agony of blasted hope. The mania for hanging themselves on a cross-bar, which broke out among the inmates of

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the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris, is well known. Let a man destroy himself by jumping headlong from a monument or tower, and straightway a dozen or more others follow his example, and this mode of death is discarded only when some one shoots or drowns himself, or suffocates himself with the fumes of charcoal. In 1882 so many Parisians sought death by throwing themselves from the Vendôme Column that the ascent was interdicted to the public. After Castlereagh killed himself with a penknife in 1822, many more Englishmen killed themselves in the same way. After the leap of Odlum from the Brooklyn Bridge, two men were arrested in the act of making the leap.

Besides imitation there are other social influences which lead to suicide; but the most powerful is that which we denote by the general term *civilization*. Self-killing is emphatically the crime of intellectual peoples. Almost unknown to savages, rare among Mohammedans, it rages among the nations most advanced in culture and refinement with a fierceness exactly proportional to their mental development. It is said that Rome knew nothing of this curse till after the establishment of the empire. It was when the Roman legions had carried their eagles triumphantly through the world, and brought back the means of luxury in the spoils of Europe, Asia, and Africa, that life in the Eternal City began to be "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." To-day the Germans, who are the profoundest thinkers and the most cultivated people, are also the most suicidal race, in Europe. France comes next, England third, Italy and Hungary fourth; while, on the other hand, Spain, the most backward of European nations in culture, Ireland, Portugal, Corsica, and Dalmatia rank the lowest in the suicidal scale. Of the different regions of the same country, the north and northeast of France outrank in culture and in suicide the centre and the southwest; the north and centre of Italy outrank the south and the islands; and Saxony, which in its schools and general culture surpasses the rest of Germany, surpasses it also in the number of its suicides. In short, so universally does the rule hold that the strength of the tendency to self-killing may almost be regarded as an index to a people's civilization.

One of the inevitable effects of cultivation is to make men dissatisfied with poverty and deprivation; to stimulate the demands for the comforts of life which the mass of toilers cannot attain. As society advances new wants

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arise; the luxury of to-day becomes a necessary of life to-morrow; and every want, though essential to man's improvement and perfection, involves new victims to madness and suicide. In the effort to grasp the conveniences and luxuries of our complex modern life, he cannot move without collision, without meeting stubborn obstacles and limits. The interests of other men enclose and press round him like a circle of iron; and if he is weak-bodied or weak-minded, if he is handicapped by bad habits, and cannot adapt himself to new ideas, he will succumb, and perhaps perish in the struggle. To those who recognize the fact that all the phenomena of social life, all the progressive phases of civilization, originate in the constant struggle of man with nature, with other men, and with himself, suicide will appear what it actually is,—not an enigma, an inexplicable social phenomenon, but one inevitable in the process of civilization. Only, as it has been said, "in an ideal condition of the future, where man's sphere of action shall have made itself independent of nature, and where all his forces shall have attained the summit of perfection, will the struggle cease to have victims; but until that supreme end has been attained the weary and perhaps everlasting path will still be inundated with the tears and the blood of mankind."

One of the most distinctive characteristics of our civilization, and at the same time one of the most fruitful causes of voluntary death, is the fast living, the hurry, excitement, and competition, of our nineteenth-century life. We live in an age of intense activity; the click of the electric telegraph, the whistle of the locomotive, and the whir of machinery are ever in our ears. The rapid development of our country, its vast industrial organizations, our fiery ambition and emotional temperament, our dry electric atmosphere, all impel us to overwork. Travelling by steam at thirty miles an hour is but faintly typical of the headlong hurry, the hot, panting haste, with which we pursue both business and pleasure. In the fierce competitions of professional and business life—the strife for wealth, office, and honors—the wear and tear of brain are enormous. It is well known to machinists that no evolution of force can take place with excessive rapidity without damaging the machine in which it occurs. Express-railway stock wears out far more rapidly than that used for slower traffic; and man's nervous system is subject to the same

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law—that duration of action is inversely proportional to its intensity.

The struggle between civilized men for the world's goods is becoming more and more a struggle of intellectual strength, ingenuity, and skill; and as the brain is the weapon with which the fight is made, it breaks down under the strain to which its forces are unequal. Nature protects the strong, the skilful, the subtle; but she leaves the ill-formed, the anomalous, the poor in force and skill, to be crushed in the contest; and thus a continual elimination takes place of inferior organisms from human society. But even the conquerors, the men of iron frames and lignum-vitæ nerves, often emerge sadly crippled from the struggle which has consumed so much of their physical and psychical force, and suffer from infirmities and an overpowering sense of ennui and life-weariness which hurry them into a suicide's grave. A recent melancholy example of this is the fate of the late Franklin B. Gowen, the eminent Philadelphia lawyer, who died by his own hand, a victim of the same overwork and "carking care" which laid in the grave the composer Weber, who had so often vainly sighed, "Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have had a Sunday's holiday!"—drove Hugh Miller to kill himself, crying, "My brain is burning; I can bear life no longer!"—cut short the lives of John Leyden, and Alexander Nicolly at thirty-six, struck down Sir William Hamilton with paralysis in the meridian of his powers, sent a vice-president of the United States reeling from the Senate chamber, and ended the career of that brilliant journalist, Henry J. Raymond, in a cerebral crash at forty-nine.

Again, the modern means of transit and of conveying intelligence,—the railway, the steamship, the electric telegraph, and the telephone,—enabling us, as they do, to utilize every moment of our lives, are crowding our days with activities, excitements, and anxieties which till recently were unknown. Our life to-day is the life, not of our own city or country only, but of the whole world. Events a thousand miles away startle and thrill us like those at our very doors. Every man actively engaged in the world's business to-day is a microcosm. The world's pulse beats within him, and he is sensitive to its throbbings; he burns with its feverishness, and faints with its languor. It is this which constitutes the stress of modern existence, exhausting so rapidly

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human life, wearing it out with the pains and penalties of a civilization which is as heedless of mortal weakness as the machine that catches its inventor in iron tails and crushes him to atoms.

We pride ourselves on our superiority to our fathers; but while we enjoy more, we also suffer more, from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles; we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves; and the result is that loss of stamina, of hopefulness, and of zest for the simple pleasures of life which leads to disgust, life-weariness, and finally to self-destruction. To all this may be added the weakmindedness which springs from forced, hothouse education, begun too early and goaded on too fast; and, again, from premature responsibility and the engagement of untrained minds in the toils of life. Boys and girls to-day are often men and women in the experience of life and its excitements, and *ennuyés* or *blasés* at an age when their grandparents were flying kites and dressing dolls. The young man, scorning the old slow roads to success, and determined to dazzle the world and conquer its honors by a *coup de main*, "consumes in an hour the oil of the lamp which should burn throughout the night," and, ere he reaches the meridian of life, exhibits the haggard face, the sunken eye, and the feeble gait which belong to "weird eld." Who can wonder that under such circumstances life becomes "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," and that the poor, worn-out victim of ambition and overwork, who has never once rested his brain or "possessed his soul" during his hot pursuit of wealth and fame, should seek to end his days, and with them

> "The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to"?

WILLIAM MATHEWS.

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THE BEST SIGN OF OUR TIMES.

DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION IN EUROPE.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

PERHAPS the best sign of our times is the great change which has carried us from the revolutionary situation begun in 1789 to its present evolution. Democracy in the antique world and in the feudal world was left to cities and entirely confined within them. The Jewish tribes, the Athenian people, the Roman plebeians, the Spanish municipalities, the French communes, the Italian towns, and the Hanseatic cities present to us, in fragmentary and isolated groups, the germs, the protoplasms, the seeds, from which democracy will spring.

There is in the democratic principle, even in its rudiments and imperfect beginnings, a virtue so exalted that it could triumph over the Pharaohs, as did the Jewish tribes; over Darius and Cyrus, as did the Greek republics; over the Tarquins, as did the *royal people*; over a Barbarossa, as did the Lombard cities; spreading through history ideals which have crystallized in the course of time, and have thus transmitted to us intellectual and æsthetic culture like that of the Greeks or the Italians; moral principles like those that flowed down from lofty Sinai, with its revealing lightnings, on the tables of that great republican prophet who was named Moses.

The formation of the democracy in which we live has much resemblance to the formation of the planet which we inhabit. History in itself approaches geology, and geology history.

We are now citizens: victory which cannot satisfy us until we fulfil our ministry and end upon earth. Having labored for the good of humanity and for the progress of the planet, we must now sigh with the desire for new worlds, for new horizons, for

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new heavens, for the harmonies of other arts still more beautiful, for the light of other sciences still more vivid, for the love of perfection; we must now work upwards in the scale of progress, from time to time stained with blood, from time to time groping in obscurity, but upright between the contingent and the absolute, in order that there, at the last step, we shall stand face to face with our Creator, with our God. Without this intense sympathy for nature, for society, for history, it is impossible to know democracy. Just as the human mind, rising to the summit of the world which we call organic, carries in itself a superhuman evolution, democracy, rising to the highest spheres of society and history, promises a super-democratic evolution.

But we do not attempt to scan the future: let us content ourselves with studying and recognizing the present. Before our own eyes, about the middle of the century which gave birth to our own generation, democracy, that living element, has in a measure passed from revolution to evolution. In the present state of science, and with the current use of the two words named, we may be spared all unnecessary explanations. In the revolutions, in those creative periods, the revolutionists in advance of their epoch appeal to arms, improvise formulas of more or less progressive solution; firing the social stratum with an intense heat, they believe it fit to receive in its liquid and flaming lava easily-formed impressions of all ideals. In the evolutionary period exactly the contrary takes place; time, with its creative force, enters as principal motor of measured and graded progress. Sudden improvisation is followed by social reflection. Logical sequence becomes necessary in such a condition of the collected mind, and it sees that to reach the end of a line it cannot drop the intermediate points, and to arrive at the termination of an epoch it is impossible to separate it from the preceding time; and thus a phase of progress cannot be separated from the preceding phases, which generate and prepare it.

The word evolution, although it is to-day the key of contemporary science, has not yet been received by many minds, nor has it yet been able, for that reason, to determine great currents of thought; nevertheless it explains from the formation of the solar system even to the formation of the social system. Matter revolving in successive series of evolutions, and evolving its heat by this movement, has produced the luminaries which are called

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suns and the opaque bodies which receive light and life from the sun. The earth revolving, the matter of our planet has, during successive evolutions, produced the mineral world, the vegetable world, the animal world, the human world. Human society, revolving, in turn, in a series of successive evolutions, has risen from the lowest savage tribes to the United States. The classes are moving upwards. Religious beliefs have moved onward from the worship of a rude fetich to the proclamation of the spiritualistic and sublime unity of our God. In everything the universal evolution is to be seen. From the age when man wandered a nomad in the primitive deserts to the time when he discovered printing, through what logical series of momentous evolutions have we not passed!

In my opinion, the two nations which most clearly represent revolution and evolution are France and England. France, by revolution, has reached a more perfect social state and a higher form of government than England; but how different the security of freedom in the two countries! While in England Parliament and individual liberty run no danger, in France an adventurer succeeds in obtaining numerous partisans by games of political juggling very similar to those of the circus prestidigitateurs, or a royal pretender, to whom it occurs to ask service in the regular army, causes those democratic institutions to totter painfully, and easily carries them onward to the verge of ruin. The evolutionary progress of England, from the time when it came out of its revolutionary stage, its constant and gradual progress, does not attain the dazzling brilliancy of revolutionary progress in France, but it is not subject to the same eclipses—that is to say, to the same reactions. How many times has reaction broken open the doors of French households, and, entering within their sacred precincts, carried off the heads of the families in Bonapartist dragonades, exiling them to distant lands, while the British hearth shone like an inviolable sanctuary! How many times has the French Assembly disappeared, mowed down by imperial constitutions, while that of Britannia is immovable, its roots penetrating so deep that they are as impossible to pull up as the antique bases and time-honored foundation of the national territory! How many constitutions have gone to ruin in France from the Revolution to this day, in less than a hundred years, whereas Great Britain improves her constitution and perfects it

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daily without any outward show! I detest, in England, monarchy, nobility, the feudal right of primogeniture, and the form of property. In France I love the republic, democracy, the sentiment of equality so deeply rooted, the extension and diffusion of property.

England herself passed through the revolution fever. The blood of the Cavaliers flowed, mingled with the blood of the Puritans; the blood of the legitimate sovereign with the blood of the Roundheads. The difference between the revolutionary and evolutionary periods of England is patently demonstrated, as the same people, with its ancient invariable character, its irresistible propensities, its fundamental historic stamp, is profoundly modified in passing from a feverish period to a calm one. Democracy, in order to triumph, may have imperative need of revolution; but democracy, in order to organize itself and thrive, demands a constant and progressive evolution. This luminous example of England confirms the idea that the human groups known under the name of societies need revolution to conquer certain resistances, and evolution to organize the triumph obtained over such resistances. For this reason we should consider revolution, like war, a plague of the human race, but a plague at certain moments indispensable to suffering humanity. Without gunpowder, feudal castles would never have been blown to pieces, nor absolute kings without revolution. Tell, Rienzi, Orange, Padilla, Cromwell, Washington, Mirabeau, Riego, Manin, Garibaldi, Lincoln, came to be summits of enormous revolutionary volcanoes, whose eruptions have destroyed, with their lavas, the old barbaric tyrannies, and covered our social fields with a new deposit. But nothing proves that revolution has triumphed in the same manner as evolution. Revolutions very often do not end old crimes at one blow, but open the way to terminate them by a series of multiplied progressive reforms.

The greatest sign of the times, characteristic of contemporary movement, whatever may be said to the contrary, is evolution. This measured and gradual evolution shows that democracy comes down from its old theoretical ideals to incarnate itself more or less purely in living reality. No more than three lustrums ago all the European democracies professed a Utopian doctrine and showed a revolutionary temperament. This exaggeration in doctrine and this violence in procedure demonstrated that society

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had created us for its needs, to combat and preach to, not to contract the enormous responsibility of government. The same relations existing by preëstablished harmonies between the country and its flora and fauna exist, perforce, between society and its organisms. The earth is firm, the sky serene, because we have left the revolutionary period and entered the evolutionary one.

A parallel between the democracy of '48 and that of to-day will confirm this idea more and more. From the reaction of the year 1815 to the revolution of 1830 Europe rested on two principles: first, to every nation a legitimate king; second, in the relations of the nations the Holy Alliance of these legitimate kings. The revolution of 1830 in France, the already recognized independence of Greece, the parliamentary system in Spain and Portugal, did not radically change the state of mind or the state of things. In Greece a Bavarian envoy of the Holy Alliance governed like those placed by the absolute monarchs over Tuscany, Parma, Naples, and Modena: the French revolution of 1830 kept the second branch of Bourbons on the throne thus well paid for their authority and their blood, and the atlas of the Restoration very little modified by a mesocracy (government by the *bourgeoisie*, or middle classes) so conservative in itself that it became reactionary. While in the Iberian peninsula there reigned a daughter of Ferdinand VII. and a granddaughter of John VI., families well accepted by the tyrants of the north and little swayed by the constitutional forms under whose written institutions both reigned, a profound silence spread over the whole European mind; an irremediable paralysis caused atrophy of the public will. Czar Nicholas I., rising upon the stooped shoulders of his serfs, presided over the horrible and sinister assemblies of monarchs; feudalism, broken, but not desperate, spread itself over Germany, whose territory was weighed down by thirty-five thrones. In Austria everything was regulated by the right of conquest, and in Bavaria everything was directed by absolutism half-sensual, half-theocratic. The corpse of Venice floated on the lagoons, guarded by the Slavonians of Croatia; Milan lay in the guard-house of Austria as in a horrible sepulchre; from the mountain passes of Savoy to the Sicilian sea there was naught in those semi-Asiatic governments but prisons and executions for free people. Turkey kept her Christians as the tamer his wild beasts, by means of fire and sword; while the

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Catholic pontiff reigned over the ruined Forum and the bare Capitol like a ghost of the ancient Cæsar.

Those who did not live in those times do not know how gloom pervaded every place and what sadness hung black night over all minds. My childhood was embittered by this horrible spectacle. In Paris, in London, in Geneva, and even in Madrid, emigrants appeared less human creatures than dismal phantoms. No home that was not saddened by the presence of an exile. The Italian liberals repeated the poem of the sepulchre sung by the sublime Hugo Foscolo in circumstances similar to those which suggested to Jeremiah his lamentations; the Hungarians told each other by foreign hearths the dreams of their great prophets; then the German thinkers in Zurich laid plans for the unity of Germany, because none of the democratic guides, with the exception of those of the west, could live and breathe in his own country.

The revolution of 1848 surprised Europe like a storm out of a cloudless sky. No king, none, thought himself so near the final day of judgment. Now that the irrepressible conflict had spoken out the exiles returned to their fatherland without taking counsel with any one. Never did the solidarity of Europe seem more apparent. Because King Louis Philippe fled one February morning, the streets of Madrid ran blood; the beloved King of Belgium arose and said that he was disposed to give his constitutional crown into the hands of those who had offered it to him, the hands of the people; a great constitutional assembly was called together at Frankfort, which proclaimed the unity of Germany; the Emperor of Austria had to abdicate, and the King of Prussia had to salute those who died for liberty beneath the blows of the royal troops; Poland trembled in her deep grave, and Hungary arose with sceptre and lance in complete liberty and independence; Milan drove the Austrians from her territory, and the doge and senate reappeared in the piazetta of St. Mark; Florence instituted a triumvirate of thinkers in accordance with her artistic character, and Rome a classic republic, counting Mazzini among her prophets and Garibaldi among her heroes; a parliamentary system was established in Savoy, and republican unity in Switzerland; the slaves of the French colonies saw their manacles drop from their hands and the fetters from their feet. Wherever there was an ideal, it was transformed into an actuality; and wherever there was an oppressed being, he

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felt the liveliest and most consoling hope. In all our hearts were written the words, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; in all our eyes were reflected the splendors of the universal gospel. A breath of consolation spread throughout the European world—serene confidence in the future. Who could fear for democracy and for liberty?

In the year 1848 we were prophets, not statesmen. As ideals, we had a myriad of Utopian visions untested by trial; and for methods, violent revolutions without measure and without limits. Because the French republic had seemed to us so beautiful when proclaimed with barricades, in the capital of Humanity, all the rest must follow. A vague socialism mingled with those numerous aspirations. One dreamer thought he solved everything by founding a ministry of progress, which would recognize it as lord and master. Another revolutionist solved the social problem by shutting up the workingmen in national workshops similar to old monasteries. The phalanstrian rose every night to see if earth had entered the period of harmony, and resurrecting the seven moons tinted by the seven fundamental colors in the infinite heavens. The Proudhonists promised to solve all the economical contradictions by establishing a free bank of popular credit, without saying where they would get their valuables, and destroying money, which is to the exchange of products as printing and the alphabet are to the exchange of ideas.

Not one of the nations most advanced in liberty could exempt itself from some such revolutionary turmoil. The example of the English chartists, who promised and predicted revolution, is sufficient to prove this, or the example of that sunderbund formed in Switzerland, which carried civil war into the bosom of a republic, of a liberty, of a democracy incompatible with all war. In 1848 Sicily separated itself from the Bourbons. In the following year the force and violence of some mercenary troops riveted the irons to which the beautiful island had been condemned under its hateful and hated monarchs. The Roman republic lasted a little less time. Directed by superior statesmen, aided by volunteers wonderfully united, put into a state of defence by all the Italian revolutionists, who set upon it their last hopes, it sustained a siege worthy of the times which repulsed Coriolanus and Hannibal. But there are no troops which can overcome forces five times superior in number, and republican Rome suc-

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cumbed to the vast number of French, Austrian, Spanish, and Neapolitan battalions united to besiege it. Apostles like the trinmoirs of Florence fell wounded by the very people whom in their sublime ingenuousness they thought to have saved and redeemed. Charles Albert, mounted on his war steed, appeared, in the swiftness of his blows and rapidity of his tactics, like those legendary figures dimly seen by warriors amid the mirage of the battle. Very soon the disaster of Novara occurred, producing an effect as mortal as the unavoidable surrender of Utica proved to Cato. Milan fell beneath Padetsky. In the meanwhile Charles Albert remained in the west of the peninsula, his own throne lost and his national hopes destroyed. In vain Venetia opposed the Croatians within her lagoons, as the Venetians ten centuries before opposed the irruptions of the barbarians with better success. The republic of Venice, which had astounded the world by its desperate defence, was ruined by reaction. The same fate attended the unfortunate assembly at Frankfort, although the thinkers of Germany mounted its rostrum and the most fruitful ideas filled the atmosphere with the spirit of the age. Frankfort was not spared for its learning, Venice for its beauty, nor Rome for its greatness.

The reactionary spirit flung its scorn in the face of liberty. Thus it died out in the intoxication of an exaggerated ideal, uncomprehended and perhaps incomprehensible. As though the spirit of progress had breathed a pestilential air in the feudal countries of Germany, the two assemblies of Vienna and Berlin disappeared at the attack of an army itself in insurrection against the rights of man. Prophets swarmed everywhere, and behind the prophets congregated heroes who wished to die and who soon wore martyr crowns distributed to those who sought them, at the point of the Croatian bayonets. Reaction had scattered them everywhere in those bloody fields of revolution and war. There remained not a particle of territory in Germany and its adjacent countries, from Transylvania and the Croatian circles to Denmark and its half-German provinces, which was not again soaked with blood as in the religious wars or in the Thirty-Years' War. It seemed as if the social forces of attraction had been spent, and that all the nations spread over the old land of Arminius were becoming disintegrated by violent repulsions and reduced to atoms. Still I shall quote the sublime Kossuth to the

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assemblage by the Theiss, whither, like the untamed horses of the pampas, two hundred thousand men rushed in defence of the kingdom of St. Stephen. The Slavonians came under their general with exterminating swords, commanded by the Czar Nicholas to destroy so grand a revolution. Fire, sack, violations, all these plagues of a civil and international war swept along the banks of the Danube.

There appeared on Danish fields and Rhenish hills, from Pesth to Constance and from Copenhagen to Vienna, a war like that which had occurred two centuries before, when Wallenstein passed through the whole German territory like a sinister comet, and Tilly beheaded two thousand Scandinavians. The Croatians in their bloody butchery hacked off the breasts of thousands of German peasant women; the Austrians revenged themselves for their defeats by impaling the inhabitants of Mecklenburg and burning the Lutheran churches and their congregations. The horses, like the pale horse of the Apocalypse, were turned to red and black by the blood-stains and dust which covered them. There were soldiers who boasted of more than twenty children pierced through by their lances. Thirty thousand corpses lay in the streets of Magdeburg. Thus the fights in the streets of Berlin and those in the streets of Vienna; the heroic fortitude of the deputies of Frankfort, as well as the incredible daring of the revolutionary tribunes in Baden, Hesse, and Saxony; the holy crusade of Kossuth, as well as the stupendous efforts of Blum; so many sacrifices and martyrs; this expenditure of tears; this destruction by flames; these torrents of blood,—all were lost through the inevitable reaction which extended its cold silence over ideas, as frost blights the seed.

Paris was the parent of this reaction in the years 1848 and 1850, as Paris had been the parent of all the revolutions of 1848. The study of the origin of this universal reaction confirms my theory. It is not to be found so much in the implacable anger of its enemies as in the exaggerations of the revolutionists themselves. The germs of the 2d of December and the bloody days which followed were contained in the preceding revolutionary movements pushed on by the most ardent revolutionists in their anxiety to advance the republic and carry it beyond the narrow limits within which it was confined by an inflexible necessity. Napoleon III. violated the sacredness of popular national repre-

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sentation: why had not the republican revolutionary party violated it sooner? In the middle of May, 1848, Louis Blanc proposed the creation of a ministry of labor which would have charge of the social questions and the improvement of the working classes. His speech had the air and accent of a revolutionary proclamation. In that furnace of incendiary passions no fuel could be thrown like that contained in these words: "Under Louis Philippe I announced to you the revolution of disdain; beware to-day of the revolution of hunger!" Louis Blanc's proposition was rejected; the ministry of labor was refused. At this refusal the clubs were inflamed with anger against the government and against the parliament.

During this over-excitement came the saddest news from Poland. The republic with its creative breath had only galvanized a corpse. The nation, dead, dissected, and buried in pieces, was able to raise its livid head in the cold grave, thanks to a lightning streak of marvellous hope which interrupted its leaden sleep. Its tyrant, its implacable martyrizer, wounded it again. New blood was drawn from that dead body. New spadefuls of earth fell upon its dreary grave, which was trampled by the hoofs which the horses of the Don buried in the very bones of Poland. Paris, the people of Paris at least, echoed these griefs and added to impatience about the social problem impatience for Polish independence. Two illusions dazzled it: that a ministry of progress and labor would suffice to put an end to misery, and that France could pass over Austria, Prussia, and Russia, to transmit the warmth of its blood and the ideas of its intellect to the unfortunate Poles. But manifestations were the order of the day, adding to perturbation of mind disorders and mobs in the street. These manifestations were made by thousands of workmen. The curious and idle followed. As rivers are increased by affluents, so in going from the celebrated Bastille to the no less celebrated Place de la Concorde the mob received all those who were met on the way and hurried them off with its current. On reaching the door of the Chamber of Deputies it appeared like a sea lashed into fury by all the passions. As an angry wave breaks all dams and palisades, so did the furious mob break through the railing which surrounded the Chamber of Deputies, and like a stormy inundation entered the sacred precincts of the houses. Benches and galleries were filled by multitudes of disturbed and shouting

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men. Some attacked the presidency; others were disrespectful to the president; and one and all, not heeding the warnings of the best and most authorized democrats, irreverentially and rebelliously dissolved the legitimate national representation.

The beating of the drum, the report of the guns, the wheels of the cannon which shook the pavements, the dread of the advancing regiments, succeeded in dispersing the mob without resort to violence; but this dissolution announced, at the same time, the dissolution of the republican principle through the element whose violence recalled the 18th of Brumaire and prepared the 2d of December. But a republic founded in February, thus insulted in May, was to see itself completely blood-stained and ruined in June—bathed in blood and ruined because those same republicans gave the mortal blow. The greatest battle which had until then been fought by a populace took place. Paris was in flames during five mortal days. Its maze of streets bristled with barricades. The Red Republicans rose unanimously against the Conservative Republicans with a rage never fostered in a tyrant's heart. The national guard, through anger and rage, lost sight of what divided the legions of workmen. On their part these gave an infernal chase to the militia. The discharge of guns, the thunder of cannon, the noise of the barricades crashing down in all this tumult, the blaze of the fires, the shrieks of the victims, all united with infernal rejoicings in this terrible dilemma which said: "Bread or lead." The saddest part of this astounding revolution was that there was no solution. If they conquered, what bread could be obtained by the unfortunates standing in the desert created by their own victory? If they were vanquished, what life would remain in the republic, surrounded, like Niobe, by her murdered sons? The dictatorship of Cavaignac came as the consequence of disaster. But this honorable soldier was not guilty of this great misfortune. He was guilty who stirred up the people to a revolution without solution, and brought about first the dictatorship of a republican, to support later the dictatorship of a Bonaparte, under whom expired the republic, already wounded in May and June, 1848.

A short while after this great catastrophe, the principal democrats found themselves in exile. The European society of 1849 and 1850 resembled greatly the society which arose during the

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first century of the Roman Empire, after the extinction of the great republic. Something of what took place in the first age of imperial Rome took place during the first age of imperial France. France had her Tacitus—Victor Hugo. The great poet, with the magnificent stanzas of his "Châtiments," wrote an epic through which flashed celestial and burning wrath. The generation that heard so many great things, this young and even æsthetic generation, kept in the most secret recess of its bosom the bitter gall drawn little by little from those sublime verses. This seems impossible, but it is the truth.

With public indifference for accomplice, with the government as well-disposed witnesses, with the applause of vile sycophants, arrogating to himself the dignity and title of saviour, cheered by a part of the people and praised by all the clergy, a magistrate of the republic, its President, perjured himself, robbed and murdered, and afterwards, as the reward of criminal ambition, maintained by the bayonets of the army, he received the crown of a Cæsar upon that brow devoid of conscience! Remembering how their own tribunes had taxed them in the days of June, the French people were, if not the accomplice in, at least indifferent to, the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December.

Democracy declared itself vanquished, but not content with its fate. On the morning after that night of its misfortune, it set to work to reconstruct its institutions. It comprehended from that hour, serious in its sadness, the necessity of moderation. To attain its primary end, it was requisite to abandon in its theories all Utopian projects, and in its methods all revolutionary excesses.

The two great masters of evolution opposed to revolution were Deak and Manin. When they conceived the evolutionary method, it seemed impossible ever to reach a real arrangement with those who represented tradition and monarchical authority in Austria and Italy. The Emperor seemed an implacable executioner. As to Italy, democratic opinion imputed the final disaster after Novara to the misdirection and inexperience of the unfortunate Savoyards. The mind cannot now return to the astonishment caused then by propositions at first sight so varied. But political genius had suggested to Deak, and patriotic genius to Manin, the fixed resolution to make wise proposals without which we had no hope that the Hungarian nationality, or the Italian, would rise

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again. When Deak proposed to hold communication with those who had retreated before Austria after the famous battle of Novara, the scandal which it caused among the Magyars and the Italian patriots can be compared only to the scandal caused among the French republicans when their chiefs took the oath to the Emperor and went into parliament. Deak kept near him that shining character, Kossuth, fascinating as an epic legend, opposing himself to every transaction contrary to the martial record made by him during his two years of marvellous exploits. Manin kept near him Mazzini, who maintained the sacred fire of the republican ideal in his oracular proclamations and the tragic march of systematic revolution. The French moderates had banded with them the irreconcilables who represented all the theories of the revolution of 1848, as Victor Hugo, the republican epic; Ledru-Rollin, for universal suffrage; Louis Blanc, for social tendencies; exiles and revolutionists to the bitter end.

But those who were willing to compromise, those whom we may call revolutionists in France, Italy, and Hungary, quickly understood certain things. Deak understood that the Utopian project of separating Hungary from Austria was impossible after the fall of Kossuth. Manin understood that the Utopian idea of resuscitating Italy free and independent, by means of her republics, also became impossible at the moment of the surrender of the Roman republic to the French and of the Venetian republic to the Austrians. Favre, Simon, and Picard, in their turn, understood that the republic of poetry and idealism, the republic of evolution and sedition, the republic of communistic tendencies, had also vanished at the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, and that there was no remedy but to think of the republic of peaceful progress, of immovable order, of conservatism and government brought about by a conjunction of providential circumstances which no man could hasten or delay; finally arranged in such a manner that the middle classes would become reconciled to the lower classes in order not to see popular representation destroyed by popular invasion as in that May, and by the discord and fire as in those horrible days of June.

But where the change of revolutionary into evolutionary ideas was best exhibited was without doubt in Germany itself; with the most theoretical and dreamy of European democrats. I de-

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clare that I do not know of another such outburst of electric and luminous ideas as that of the Congress of Frankfort. A legion of theorizing republicans formulated individual rights without the least attention to the serfs dwelling throughout a feudal country, unable to comprehend the precious ideas of the true, the good, and the beautiful, for lack of that wide cultivation which might open their eyes and give them sight. They proclaimed popular sovereignty before the numberless kings and rulers raised above the fragments of a destroyed and ruined Germany. They believed that by speeches and theoretical laws German society could be unified, and that it would so remain despite reactionary particularists, who swarmed everywhere, and rival princes who had always been at war. They fought like heroes and fell like martyrs in the many engagements of those two revolutionary years; they went into exile. But as Deak thought it necessary for Hungarian independence to compromise with the Hapsburgs; Manin, for Italian liberty; the group of Frenchmen, for the good of the future republic, to come to an understanding with the old liberal parliamentarians presided over by Thiers; so the German exiles, to found the unity and independence of Germany, thought it indispensable to ally themselves with the house of Brandenburg, with the kings of Prussia. What they never did during the revolution of '48 they were constrained to do by the inexorable logic of events during the tremendous reaction of '50.

In some parts evolution has succeeded revolution with manifest advantages, as in Spain. While we had an intolerant and exclusive church, which permitted alongside of it no other manifestation of religious worship; a semi-absolute monarchy surrounded, unluckily for us, by crafty bureaucrats persuading themselves that they were an Asiatic caste; an iniquity and infamy like the piratical slave trade, blasphemously pronounced a crime indispensable to the existence of our country; an institution as pernicious and accursed as slavery which enslaved us also, and fettered us to tyranny, I cannot deny the inevitable necessity of resorting in the last extremity to powder, and even dynamite, against similar cyclopean abuses of privilege. Our political cycle was later than the French political cycle. We did not enter the period of evolution until the year in which we saw that all our republican conquests had been lost through revolutionary excesses,

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the year 1873. Thus we may clearly put it: It began with the restoration of Alfonso XII. A policy based on a slow and gradual evolution, a policy of progress and measured method, due to my personal initiative, seconded and maintained by a small number of co-religionists, who made up for the smallness of their number by the abundance of their ripe ideas and of their civic virtues. Strong in our profound conviction, by the wise and prudent system of evolution we reëstablished religious freedom, freedom of scientific discussion, freedom of the press, freedom of meeting, freedom of association, civil marriage, trial by jury, universal suffrage, self-government of the nation, with two houses, all the democratic principles, without shedding a drop of blood in our conquest of Spain. After such results, the vain enemies of so salutary an evolution may cry out against us as much as they please. We will show them the triumph of democratic principles, and in truth we have not changed the method.

Contemplate Europe under the first French empire in flames from Cadiz to Moscow; the Europe of the alliance between the kings in 1815, darkened by the reactionary spirit whose poisonous breath extinguished all hope; the Europe of 1823 with the Bourbons back in Paris and their hundred thousand soldiers restoring on the Trocadéro the diadem of Ferdinand VII.; the Europe of the year 1850, during which so many progressive nations recoiled beneath the pressure of so astounding a reaction: consider such a Europe and compare it with the Europe of to-day, whose efforts have confined absolutism to Russia and Turkey, placing parliaments and tribunes in the Austrian Empire, formerly silenced and oppressed; the Magyars who seemed forever crushed are freed from servitude; Milan and Venetia are rescued from the foreign power which had converted their quadrilateral into a Promethean Caucasus; the Roman theocracy, that key to all retrogression, necessarily contents itself with the spiritual direction of the Catholic world, and recognizes the impossibility of reassuming the temporal power; the Hapsburgs have been excluded from the German confederation; the nations paralyzed by the Bourbons of Naples, Parma, and Modena have been won back from old tyranny to new progress.

In England peaceful radicals have been substituted for the revolutionists. France, cured of Utopianism, completely converted to peaceful progress, destined sooner or later to

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enlighten all European nations, has established the republic definitely and without recall. In Switzerland the sunderbund has averted the war of the reactionists, and in questions of interior policy obliged them to use no other arms than those kept ready for liberty. Greece and the Ionian isles have become accustomed to self-government, difficult enough in any land, but most difficult in oriental countries; the new independent nations spread on the banks of the Danube, once stained with the blood drawn by the lash from the shoulders of the wretched natives, under inhuman viziers; in the Muscovite countries serfdom, old and widespread, has been uprooted, and joy springs up anew in these dead souls who have felt a Paschal resurrection. Our Spain has been transformed from absolutism and the Inquisition to a land of modern rights, of peaceful progress, joined by natural ties with the new world and with all progressive nations.

This is a consoling spectacle, showing us that the planet never stops in its course through infinity, and that God never ceases to reveal to us new truths, for us to compile them into laws of an evolution without end, beneath the government of Divine Providence.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A BELATED CRAB.

THE tendency of evolution in both nature and art is from the coarse to the fine, the unwieldy and ineffective to the light and effective, the simple and awkward to the elaborate and graceful. Clubs, stones, javelins, and catapults have evolved into breach-loading rifles and Gatling guns. The simple sun-dial was followed by the little more elaborate clepsydra, and the clumsy, coarsely-constructed clock has developed into the exquisitely-wrought Swiss watch.

The diminutive and delicate ferns of to-day had their prototypes, ages ago, in gigantic trees of the same general type, and the only remaining representatives of the enormous and hideous saurians of geologic times are tiny, graceful lizards and the various species of *crocodilia*. The *megatherium*, a cast of whose massive skeleton stands so conspicuously in many natural-history rooms, which stood on the ground and fed on the branches of trees, has dwindled to the little sloth; the *glyptodon*, whose turtle-like shell would furnish ample shelter to a half-dozen tramps, has shrunk to the insignificant little armadillo; and the *labyrinthodon*, whose enormous hand-shaped footprints have come down to us in the solid rock, is now represented only by the frog and the toad. Even the elephant, which seems to us so huge, is but a dwarf compared with his predecessor, the *mastodon*.

But the elephant, as well as the crocodile and the alligator, is probably destined to disappear very soon (geologically speaking), and give place to creatures more in harmony with other representatives of this, the *neozoic*, age. One who is at all familiar with the story of the ages can hardly view a file of elephants pursuing their clumsy march through our streets on "circus day" without fancying that he is looking upon a delegation from a bygone era, or that he is himself still living in the last years of that era. How long will it be before imaginative naturalists will wonder how it seemed for comparatively-civilized men to be contemporary with the last representatives of geologic monsters, and actually to see them in the flesh?

Perhaps the most belated of all—the greatest anachronism among all the creatures that survive to-day—is the *limulus*, or horseshoe crab. Big as he is, he is closely allied to the class *insecta*, or, according to Professor Alpheus Hyatt, more closely still to the *arachnida*, or spiders. In fact, he is, in many respects, less highly organized than either.

Now, our general idea of an insect is a little creature with antennæ; six jointed legs; fixed eyes, consisting of many distinct facets or lenses, somewhat like a multiplying glass; mouth parts working from side to side or modified to form a sucking-tube or a proboscis; a body in three principal sections, completely covered with a chitinous armor and with or without wings;

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breathing by a system of *tracheæ*, or internal tubes; and passing in its life-history through three well-marked metamorphoses. A spider differs from a true insect mainly in having eight legs instead of six, several single eyes instead of two multiple eyes, and a somewhat different breathing apparatus, and in being distinctly divided into two instead of three sections. But one of the most distinguishing characteristics of both spiders and insects is their diminutive size. A microscope is indispensable to a thorough study of their structure.

The limulus is like either an insect or a spider in all the respects which have been named, except size and number of legs. In its metamorphoses it is more like the spiders, which are far less protean than the insects.

When in your next summer stroll upon the beach you find a horseshoe crab, try to realize that you are looking upon a creature bearing a relation to insects and spiders very much like that which the gigantic *icthyosaurus* of untold ages ago bore to the lizards of to-day. See its chitinous armor, almost exactly like that which protects the beetle, even in its color; its jointed legs, with their pedal claws or pincers, almost exactly like the beetle's legs magnified. And its eyes—you have often wondered at the multiple eyes of insects as revealed by the microscope; but you will need no microscope to see the multiple eyes of the limulus. There they are, each as big as a bean, and each facet as big as a pinhead! There seems something uncanny in this creature, which has so much of the insect and of the spider about him, and yet dares to be as big as a sea-turtle fit for the table,—as if he had just crawled out from the field of the microscope, retaining in reality his apparent size! or as if Dean Swift's dream had come true, and a Brobdingnagian spider were actually crawling before your eyes!

He is not only too big for this advanced age of the small and the delicate, but, as I have implied, his huge structure is marked by the simplicity of nature's 'prentice handiwork. His very jaws are nothing more than the upper segments of his legs, as if nature forgot or could not afford to fashion organs for the special purpose of mastication, and so made shift to impress the locomotive organs into that extremely important service.

In order that the non-scientific reader may understand more thoroughly how nature began her work, and how she has improved upon it since, I will briefly describe her method of producing all living creatures, plants and animals, from the simplest to the most complex.

In the egg or seed, or what in the lowest forms corresponds to this, there is a little cell of living, jelly-like substance (*protoplasm*) called the germinating disk, or simply the germ. In the very lowest forms of life this never develops any further, but constitutes in itself the individual plant or animal. As it is nourished by the absorption and assimilation of food, it grows larger and divides or breaks in two, like a drop of water that has grown too large to hold together, and thus two individuals are formed. Each of these may form two others, and so the process may go on indefinitely. In the higher forms of life the dividing cells simply cling together, thus forming a more or less complex organism, as the different groups of cells are set apart, or "differentiated," as the process is called, for different purposes, such as eating, digesting, excreting, breathing, feeling, travelling, and finally tasting, hearing, smelling, seeing, uttering sounds, and *thinking*.

In the group of the *arthropoda*, or jointed-legged animals, to which the limulus belongs, the eggs of all the different kinds are for a good many of the first stages so nearly alike that one could not tell from their structure

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alone whether they were destined to become butterflies or moths, bugs or beetles, spiders or scorpions, crabs or lobsters, the ancient and long-extinct trilobite or the modern limulus. The germinating disk in all grows and divides, grows and divides, until presently a body is formed with two rows of little knobs or buds extending from end to end. These knobs or buds are at first precisely alike, and are the beginnings, so to speak, of so many jointed legs. As growth goes on, some of these begin to differ from the rest, the anterior or foremost pair, for instance, gradually taking the form of jointed feelers, or antennæ. Another pair slowly changes to mandibles, or biting jaws, and still others change to other mouth parts, all jointed indeed, but bearing no other resemblance to legs. The most curious fact is that the same or corresponding knobs, identifying them by their original position in the egg, become in one animal antennæ, in another jaws, and in still another walking legs. For example, those which in the lobster become the second pair of antennæ become in the scorpion biting jaws. In fact, all the jointed, paired appendages of the scorpion, mouth parts, legs, and all, correspond to merely the mouth parts of the lobster.

If you examine the latter, you will see all the degrees of modification from organs which seem precisely like walking legs in all respects except that they never could be used for walking, to those which suggest legs in no respect except that they are jointed.

But in the limulus all the knobs except the first pair (which become antennæ, or "antennules") simply carry out the first crude intention, and become legs, all attached to the body in the same way and all bearing the clawed feet at the end, the antennules themselves sharing in the last-named mark of their common origin. Nature seems, as we have said, to have forgotten at first to provide a mouth with proper masticating apparatus, and so, as an afterthought, to have added teeth to the upper joints of the legs. The poor creature, therefore, has to bite off his food, so to speak, with his elbows and knees, and chew it with his upper arms and thighs!

That so huge, coarse, clumsily-contrived a creature should be found among nature's first essays at animal-building is no more strange, perhaps, than that hatchets of stone instead of steel should be found among the relics of prehistoric artisanship; but that it should still survive among the ants, bees, horses, and *men* of to-day is wonderful indeed! One might expect to find it in some out-of-the-way corner of the world, where development has been at a standstill for ages; in Australia, for instance, where many other ancient types, elsewhere extinct, still exist; but here it is in the centre of civilization, crawling before the very eyes of the sea-bather in the latest Parisian costume!

The half-rational fancy that it was overlooked and forgotten by nature when she swept away the *pterodactyl*, the *plesiosaur*, and the rest of her crude and coarse 'prentice work, seems borne out by the fact that almost its very counterpart *was* suppressed, like an author's juvenile poetry, long before the Triassic period. The trilobite, which peopled the marshes, river beds, and shores of the Cambrian and Silurian periods in vast multitudes, was almost as much like the limulus of to-day as the crab is like a lobster. The egg of one could hardly be distinguished from that of the other. The unhatched limulus is, to all intents and purposes, a young trilobite, a little shorter, with much smaller eyes, and with some slight variation in the form of its appendages, but differing in no essential particular.

A story is told of a Russian sentry who was found gravely and faithfully

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guarding a pile of rotting old boards. Persistent inquiry developed the fact that, during a war many years before, a magazine had stood there, that when the other sentry-posts had been removed at the close of the war this one had been overlooked, and that ever since a sentry had stood there day and night. As soon as the necessary amount of red-tape could be unwound the sentinel was taken off. Perhaps, when nature discovers her oversight of so many ages ago, she may "take off" the belated sentinels that pace our beaches in such multitudes.

When this "clearing-up" time shall come, pray heaven she may remove some of the other Belated Crabs, not only from the physical world, but from society, government, and religion!

EDWARD P. JACKSON.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION DEFENDED.

"MAKE for me a perfect world and I'll supply the honest lawyer, but as it is now, query," is the burden of Mr. Greene's article, "Can Lawyers be Honest?" in the February NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This is a very pretty proposal; but so long as no one seems willing or able to come forward and provide the necessary perfection, it is a little difficult to see why the lawyer of the present day should be held responsible, as he seems to be by Mr. Greene, for all the moral lapses which are going on in the world of litigation. I have heard of a young lawyer who drew upon himself the laughter of his time by advertising that he proposed to practise law "upon Christian principles." He starved until he was rescued by a good-natured infidel. He, like Mr. Greene, ought to have begun by bringing the men and women who require the vigilant supervision of lawyers into living up to their "Christian principles," and not making the lawyer do all this for them.

The proposition which Mr. Greene advances has its serious side. He puts his claim to answer the question, "Can lawyers be honest?" upon the ground that the world is a very bad one, and that the lawyer contributes to this evil state of things by exercising evasions and tergiversations to protect his client, and justifies himself by claiming that success is necessary no matter at what cost of moral fibre. Mr. Greene takes care, when he raises the question of the integrity of the profession, to say that he speaks of reputable counsel associated with reputable clients. I venture the assertion that every reputable lawyer who has become informed of the daily current of affairs as they take place in his office in private, and are put forth to the world in courts, can fairly deny Mr. Greene's charges and cite his own experience as utterly opposed thereto.

No one denies that the natural inclination of the client is to justify himself, and sometimes largely at the expense of his adversary. He goes to counsel because he there expects experience and judgment in such affairs superior to his own. The skilful lawyer, seeing his client in the first agony of consultation, can measure him and his case, and in the confidence which exists between client and counsel the battle for the moral as well as the legal right is fought over and over again. No one outside knows it. No one appreciates how much moral courage and devotion to truth are displayed by counsel, sometimes at the cost of a fee, and sometimes at the cost of favor. This means at least two-thirds of every busy lawyer's life. But Mr. Greene objects because lawyers do not say, when urged to employ the statute of limitations, or the plea of minority, or technicalities in the defence of crim-

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inals, or suppression of facts, etc., that all this is morally wrong, and therefore they will not justify it by their aid. Let me ask who created these laws that are so severely censured. Not the lawyer, surely, but the experience of man in the past centuries. Who adapts them to the public needs? Our courts, for whose integrity and ability we have the greatest respect.

These are principles of law which are as important to have carried out as a thousand other rules of life. They are hard upon the few, but to the great interest of the many.

Right here I claim that no question involving the limitation of debts or other legal questions which the requirements of society have created is raised by a client but that the "reputable lawyer" will inquire into the moral phase of the question, and the instances are numberless where the client, going to counsel to make this defence, is brought to look at it from the stand-point of honesty.

It ought not to be forgotten that most litigation is the result of honest doubt as to which party is in the right. The cases are rare where men go to law from pure "cussedness," but daily the questions tried are dubious and uncertain. In this department, where courts themselves differ, is it to be said that the lawyer upon the losing side is invariably wrong, in the sense of having known it in advance?

But Mr. Greene particularly objects because lawyers seek to win their causes by keeping their clients' secrets, by suppressing facts known to them and which they will not admit when in the wrong, but do all they can to make "the wrong the right appear." He apparently forgets that the lawyer is only a small fraction in the action and conduct of litigation. Cases are created before they reach him. He furnishes no aid to the suppression of the truth. But the world, in calling him, insists that the seal of confidence shall stamp every professional act. He lives in a real world. Civilization has made it what it is, but has not altogether driven out rapacity and selfishness. His office is like the clergyman's—to keep the confession which some sin-laden wretch lays before him. He is, in brief, like any man who, being intrusted with the secrets of others to keep, keeps them. He is not to make such confidence the means of wronging others, and does not if he is "reputable."

Whenever Utopia shall come, and every one employ his time in standing at the door of his hut descanting upon the virtues of his neighbor and his own infirmities, then the lawyer will be relieved of a large part of his duties; but not before.

It seems to me that Mr. Greene's error is in holding the legal profession to duties and obligations that will require it to reform all the world, and then become perfect itself.

Independent of these considerations, it is not to be forgotten that whenever integrity, ability and courage are required, the lawyer is oftener selected than any one else. He it is who constitutes our judiciary, and through his character and conscience the law which is accepted and acted upon by the people is largely created. In all questions involving trusts, the protection of the life, property, and welfare of all classes and conditions, he is the instrument employed without apprehension that he will be unfaithful.

Do the public patronize lawyers who make success attainable by immoral methods? I agree that there is a flashy class of attorneys that attract the attention of clients whose credit is on a par with their counsel. But their methods are soon ascertained. They reach their level and remain. I

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venture the assertion that there is no lawyer of any reputation in practice to-day whose success is not dependent upon the integrity of his life and his reputation for honesty on the lips of the people with whom he lives. While the world calls also for ability of the right type to do his work as it ought to be done, he finds his success in the moral qualities he displays rather than in anything else.

No one claims perfection in this profession. Reformation! Yes, let it come, but it will never be effected by men who charge upon lawyers timidity, selfishness, and dishonesty, and believe that they as a class are regarded, as claimed by Mr. Greene, with something more than suspicion. The world is not tolerant, as he insists, of anything that shows lack of integrity in this craft. Trusted as it is in everything, it cannot be mistrusted in anything without losing caste. And while a smart trick at the bar may be laughed at for the moment, its author has to reckon with that public opinion which sooner or later relegates him to the place where he belongs.

E. C. BUMPUS.

A REQUISITE OF REFORM.

Mephisto. "*Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint.*"—GOETHE.

SIX years ago the Republican party selected as its Presidential candidate a man whom a part of the party declined to support. A secondary issue was their objection to the Republican doctrine of protection. Their revolt in New York, combined with other causes, was of sufficient strength to throw the vote of that State, and with it the Presidency, to Mr. Cleveland. In spite of the respect with which Mr. Cleveland's administration filled even his political enemies, the so-called independent movement of 1884 was extremely unfortunate in its deadening effect on a certain class of young men. The name independent has a fine sound, and it has ever since furnished a most convenient excuse on the part of men who ought to know better for the shirking of their political duties.

There are times when self-respect rises and ought to rise superior to loyalty to party, especially in the somewhat tangled condition of party lines to-day. "Measures, not men," was the disgrace of the party that coined the phrase, for there is and ought to be a point at which party orders fall on dull ears. In the State of Massachusetts and in the city of Boston there have been abundant examples in the last few years of nominations by both parties of men of such private life or public record, or both together, that independent thinkers among the party that nominated them slew them in the house of their friends. It is such independence within the party as this that insures the stability of the country and forms the sole hope of the men who fight the corruptionist at primaries, caucuses, polls, and lobbies, and who find the strongest ally of corruption in the apathy that calls itself independence. I might cite a Democratic caucus for a highly important purpose that was held last fall in the richest, if not the most intelligent, ward in Boston. Of fifty gentlemen of that party to whom two friends of mine personally appealed to come and aid them in a square fight between the young reformers and the old machine, but one solitary individual appeared.

The struggles of conscience endured on caucus nights by a man who has settled down at the club to a long drink and the French illustrated papers are painful to witness. He is not quite sure that he is a Republican, and cannot therefore attend the Republican caucus. He never has attended and does not propose to attend the Democratic caucus. He is an independent

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who proposes to choose the better candidate. In other words, he will graciously condescend to assist in the chase after the party beaters have scared up the game. The possibility of his being forced to choose between a vulture and a turkey-buzzard apparently does not occur to him.

The individual in question often quotes as authority our beloved poet and patriot, Mr. James Russell Lowell, who in a splendid outburst of eloquence against packed conventions once * declared that the stopping of foul political practices could only be accomplished by men dissociated from the interests of party.

Now, I do not believe that Mr. Lowell meant to say what his words may seem to imply to our independent friend. I cannot believe that any one so versed in American democracy as he should soberly advocate a quiet abandonment of all political duties beyond the mere act of voting, the least effective of all. I cannot believe that any *American* would recommend a Pharisaical self-exclusion from caucuses and conventions as fit only for the vulgar herd. What he doubtless intended by that unlucky sentence was that political reform is only possible when men are ready to desert their party and to join or form another when their own party deserts its principles. If men, thinking men, the kind of men to whom Mr. Lowell made that memorable address, were not so largely in the habit of abstaining from genuine political activity, there would be fewer of the packed conventions to which he alluded.

Last September there were caucuses held for the nomination of delegates to the Republican congressional conventions. Of all the various candidates for the seat in a certain district in Massachusetts there was one whose public record made it particularly undesirable that he should obtain either nomination or election. As usual in such cases, he and his friends made an organized campaign. His own city had previously ejected him from a lower office, and, when he was finally nominated, repudiated him yet more emphatically as a candidate for Congress. Yet every Republican delegate chosen by those caucuses in that city was pledged to this unworthy candidate. If six, if two, if one delegate had failed him, he could never have been nominated; *yet at no one of the caucuses did a baker's dozen of his opponents make an appearance; at none of them was even a printed ballot bearing another name presented, and at but one of them was even a single voice raised against him.*

It is easy to join a political party, and very, very hard for a man respected by the community to be read out of it. No man can always support all of his party candidates. Mr. Nathan Matthews, Jr., has recently been elected mayor of Boston by Republican votes, and Mr. Thomas N. Hart was just as truly elected to the same office by Democratic votes. The Republicans who voted for Mr. Matthews and the Democrats who voted for Mr. Hart are none the less members of their party because under peculiarly exceptional circumstances they could not vote for one of its candidates.

The ground for choice between parties lies, of course, in party action rath r than party platforms. Those of us who are Republicans disregard, for example, the fact that no party platforms oppose civil-service reform in the nation or ballot reform in the States. One law was placed among the national statutes by Republican votes. It is retained there by Republican votes and the appropriation for its enforcement has been increased by Republican votes. Republican votes and party whips put ballot reform into the

* Reform Club of New York, Steinway Hall, April 13, 1888.

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law of Massachusetts. Republican votes tried to put complete ballot reform into the law of New York, and failed because Democratic votes and a Democratic governor insisted on the amendment that was of such material aid to Tammany Hall in the last election. Of course all the good legislation is not made by one party nor all the bad by one party. There is, however, such a deal of sickening chatter to the effect that both parties promise much and perform nothing, and that sneering sloth is a commendable habit in the American gentleman, that it is well to remember that such is by no means the case either with the Republican or the Democratic party.

It is not true that reform within the limit of party is impossible. Look at the magnificent reform in the Democratic party of Massachusetts effected by those purely partisan politicians—the term may be worn honorably—Quincy, Russell, Crosby, Hoar, and the rest. They found the party in the hands of B. F. Butler; they have left it in the hands of W. E. Russell. This change was not made by the laying-on of hands, nor by chilly approval in essays and after-dinner speeches; it was brought about by practical, hard, party work, by wire-pulling, by canvassing, by carrying caucuses and committees, by the supplanting of "Mike" Cunniff by "Nate" Matthews.

If you believe in the Democratic party, join the Democratic party. If you believe in the Republican party, join the Republican party. If you do not know which party to join, take *The Congressional Record* and look at the tables of votes on the questions in which you are interested, or get McPherson's "Manual," or the daily papers, and find out how the parties vote in Congress and legislature on civil-service reform, or tariff reform, or ballot reform, or international copyright, or free silver, or the national bankruptcy law, or parochial schools, or any other measure pregnant with good or evil. It will be impossible for you to agree with any party in all of its acts; it will be equally impossible to plead ignorance as to which party is, on the whole, the more in accord with your opinions.

When you join a party, *join* it. Don't add yourself to the fringe that trails from the edge of its garment. A single man at a caucus may accomplish much, but a man may accomplish much more who is willing to sacrifice a little time, such a very little time, and to investigate the nominees for local offices, and then to organize opposition to the bad and support for the good. It can be done with not so very much trouble, and it is not necessary to corrupt voters to do it.

Independence within the party is the strength of the country. An intelligent protest against bad men and bad measures, a little healthy desertion, is a good thing for the party and for the nation. Independence absolute is a curse pure and simple. It is an evasion of the duties which are given us with the rights of political life. Criticism is easy; it is creation that is difficult. The negative device of Mephistopheles quoted at the head of this essay ought not to commend itself to the young men of the great republic. If the nether world must be explored for a maxim for reformers, take the motto of *Macbeth's* witches: "I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

CURTIS GUILD, JR.

IS IT A WISE INVESTMENT?

THERE are over two hundred and fifty millions of dollars invested in car-trust-lease certificates in this country. These certificates are held by people in every part of the civilized world. Can there be any adverse criticism, or even a quibble, as to the form of these securities? The matter is worthy of some

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consideration by reason of the vast amount of money involved and the great number of people directly interested.

These certificates are generally based upon what is called a "Car-Trust Lease," a somewhat late achievement in the art of conveyancing by which, upon payment of semi-annual rents, a railroad company may acquire, for a term of years, the use of rolling stock the title to which is supposed to be in trustees for the benefit of the holders of the certificates, to whom the rents are distributed; and upon the full payment of all the so-called rents, which at the expiration of the term equal the cost of the cars and interest thereon, the cars become the property of the railroad company, the certificate-holders having received the par value of their certificates and interest.

These car-trust certificates are considered good securities on the theory that the holders have the first and sole claim to the cars until their certificates have been fully paid. If the holders of the car-trust-lease certificates are the owners of the cars, or have the first lien thereon, then, of course, the creditors of the railroad company using the cars under the lease could not levy on or attach the cars by legal process to enforce the payment of their claims. If, however, the creditors of the railroad company could, under any circumstances, seize and sell the cars by legal process, it would rub some of the gilt from the edge of the car-trust security.

The agreement between the railroad company and the trustees, on which the certificates are issued, may be called a lease, or a chattel mortgage, or any other name; yet if in point of fact it is a *conditional sale*, then the title to the cars is in the railroad company immediately upon delivery, and not in the trustees or certificate-holders, and consequently the cars may be taken by other creditors of the railroad company ahead of the certificate-holders.

There are several different forms of these leases. The most common is where a syndicate, or railroad company itself, will furnish the money to a trust company as trustee, under an agreement that the money will be used for the construction of cars to be leased to the railroad company, the terms of which lease always provide that upon the expiration of the term of the lease and fulfilment of its provisions the cars are to become the property of the railroad company. Another common form is where the cars are constructed by a railroad-equipment company and leased to a railroad company directly. The object, however, of all the leases seems to be the same; that is, to retain in the trustees or lessors the title of the cars as security for the payment of their cost or price. If that is the real object (as, indeed, seems apparent on the face of most of the so-called leases), then such a transaction is but a conditional sale masquerading under the guise of a lease.

Some of the leases do not provide for the return of the cars at the expiration of the term; others not only do not provide for such return, but do not even provide for the sale of the cars for even a nominal additional price upon the full payment of the last rent instalment. Yet the unconditional obligation to return the specific article is a necessary element of bailment. But suppose the indenture of lease has on its face all the technical requisites of a bailment, yet in point of fact is a conditional sale: what construction would the courts place on it?

There are, of course, a great many decisions pertaining to this question, but in all of the States there is a tendency to follow the Supreme Court of the United States. In Hervey *vs.* R. I. Locomotive Works (93 U. S. 673), Justice Davis wrote: "It is true that the instrument of conveyance purports to be a lease, and the sums to be paid are for rent, but this form was used to

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cover the real transaction. . . . It was evidently not intended that this large sum should be paid as rent for the mere use of the engine for one year. If so, why agree to sell and convey the full title on payment of the last instalment?" Justice Strong, in Heryford *vs.* Davis (102 U. S. 244), said: "Though the contract industriously and repeatedly spoke of loaning the cars to the railroad company for hire, it is manifest that no mere bailment for hire was intended. . . . It is quite unmeaning for parties to a contract to say it shall not amount to a sale when it contains every element of a sale." The first case was decided in October, 1876, and the second in October, 1880, and they have not since been overruled.

I do not mean to assert that *all* car-trust leases are defective, or to deny that car-trust leases are a valuable acquisition to this commercial age, but merely to write a short "Note and Comment" on a subject involving two hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

J. DAVIS BRODHEAD.

THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL PURITY.

THE subject of social purity presents many aspects for the consideration of the philanthropist. Any active movement towards elevating opinion respecting the nature and claims of morality, with its equal obligations upon men and women, must be largely educational. The causes that lead to immorality in its manifold forms are so complex that it is impossible to strike at once to their root. We may be "cognizant of evils that exist in our reformatories, prisons, institutions, and even in our schools and colleges, as well as in the world at large," but the very nature of these wrongs often renders it impossible to present them in their true relation to the integrity of our social fabric.

Reformatory and legislative measures in the promotion of social purity having in a great degree failed to deter the vicious from crime and immorality, we must depend upon other means to lessen social evils.

Ignorance of the ultimate outcome of vice is doubtless the chief cause of immorality. Wilful sin is not as common as many suppose. A person may continue the downward path, after coming to a knowledge of the consequences of sin, from habit, discouragement, or despair; but is it not chiefly because society has made it so difficult to regain public esteem and confidence? This is especially true of woman. What hope for the charity of her own sex has she whose fair fame has been stained by sin, or even by the voice of calumny or scandal?

Any action tending to bring together numbers of men or women known to be immoral for purposes of training or education will fail in most cases to effect permanent reformation, from the lack of a love broad enough to secure and maintain a sacred silence regarding the past. The public does not forgive the reformed prodigal. Any little lapse brings a scathing resurrection of former life that may blast all courage for further effort to right living. Where reformation is the direct object to be attained, the work of helping the fallen must be in a large sense individual.

Prevention of vice is of paramount importance. It is imperative that the "conservative reticence" of parents towards their children should yield to an enlightened sense of duty. Optimism has found popular expression in the saying that boys will be boys, while the morality of girls is in a great measure left to Providence.

Among the cultured and well-to-do the girl is shielded from the grosser

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forms of evil, and complaisance and contentment rest in the hope that if the question of moral purity is crowded out of sight it will somehow adjust itself. Practical physiological knowledge, which should be judiciously imparted to the young, is withheld either from thoughtlessness or from the prevalent notion that knowledge is antagonistic to innocence. Parents appear to forget that very early in life children gain by chance a half-knowledge that is pernicious and misleading.

It is pertinent to remark that parents themselves may need instruction in many simple physiological facts. This is especially true of the uncultivated and more ignorant classes, whose children, early forced upon the streets and into workshops and factories, are led by circumstances and environment into vicious associations, and often into lives of crime, without ever having had the safeguards of knowledge or religion to guide or shield them. Before we venture to condemn we must enter with large sympathy into the circumstances of the lives of the immoral and criminal classes. We cannot expect them to leap at one stride the chasm of hereditary tendencies, perverted tastes, life-long habits and associations, uncultivated minds and unregulated wills, and the dwarfing effects of poverty, hard work, and little leisure.

How best to direct our educational forces is a problem yet unsolved. To attain the best results, education must aim at a general unfolding of all the powers of the individual. Applied to a race or nation, it means a lifting process, by which all as a unit reach a higher plane of civilization.

The kindergarten system embraces true principles of training: knowledge is absorbed rather than laboriously acquired; the action of the muscles is coördinated and strengthened; color and form are apprehended; science is taught without the child comprehending that the principles of what appears only a pleasant game will be of infinite use in later life. Schools of manual training develop skill and care, imagination and expression, accuracy and perception; but even here there is danger of imparting a one-sided education, if we neglect intellectual culture. Intellectual power is a force that can be utilized when applied to entirely new means and methods of endeavor.

In training the young, the moral, emotional, and physical life must not be neglected. Information relative to this sphere should be presented in a scientific, chaste, and truthful form. Biology, anatomy, and physiology are attractive subjects to the young when taught by experienced teachers. The uses of stimulants and narcotics, as well as their harmful effects, should be taught in a simple and forcible manner, adapted to the age and condition of the learner. Much that is published in current literature on all these subjects is but partial truth, often written by those who would themselves profit by a course of instruction in the matter of which they treat.

Parents also need definite knowledge regarding many of the common things of daily life. The mutual duties of the marriage relation are by the majority not rightly apprehended; conjugal sins are not duly considered; the force of heredity is not estimated in its true bearing upon social purity. The health of the young must be considered if we would preserve the moral integrity of the race. Through ignorance our boys and girls are allowed to disregard the laws of health. Young women enter upon the responsibilities of marriage before they have attained maturity. The extra strain upon the vital forces incident to marriage and motherhood often leads to a state of invalidism from which they never recover. Doubtless much of the suffering and unhappiness in many families may be directly traceable to the physical disability of women.

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The conditions of modern life are too hard for the majority of women. The philanthropist may find ample room to exercise charity, not alms, in providing homes where, by some plan of coöperation, self-supporting women may live comfortably and independently at a cost within their means. The wretched places that many are compelled to live in are bare of all that ministers to comfort or appeals to the taste or imagination. After a day of drudgery, with no redeeming feature, what wonder that girls with the loves and enthusiasms of youth innocently seek relaxation and amusement in the brilliantly-lighted streets, saloons, or theatres, where they may be thrown with questionable companions? The wonder is, not that so many women fall, but that in the struggle to exist there are not more forced by sheer necessity into the paths of death.

Real homes, not charitable institutions, are needed for many of our self-supporting women. Let them be unsectarian and, as far as may be possible, free from rules and regulations. Self-respect can be maintained only where no restraints are imposed other than those which are enforced upon the members of any family by their sense of mutual obligation.

Churches are beginning to do effective work among the young, but more clubs and resorts for boys are needed. We must provide counter-attractions to entice boys from the streets, the saloon, and the consequent temptation to vice. All pleasures and amusements not harmful should be encouraged and provided for. An eminent divine, in an appeal for young men, said not long since: "For twenty-five years we have had a church parlor, luxuriantly furnished, which has practically been of little use. Let us open it every evening to the young men of the parish, where they can meet for social pleasure. Young men come to us from the country who are living in boarding-houses and in lodgings; they are without friends or social surroundings; temptations beset them on every side. Let us make our beautiful parlor a social centre for the young men of our parish."

In considering the subject of social purity, public sentiment has hitherto maintained an unequal standard of morals. One sex has practically borne the opprobrium and the consequences of the sin of both. Legislative and social laws will, we trust, in the near future more justly aim toward attaining an equal standard of morals for men and women. If public sentiment could reach this altitude of equity, a great victory would be gained over the forces of evil. We "grow in grace." Herein lies the hope of nations. Growth! Almost imperceptible it may be; but at last the flowering time will come. Meanwhile each may find work to do in helping humanity forward and upward toward its ultimate destiny.

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